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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE one outstanding result of last week's meeting of the League of Nations Council is that the Little Entente is for practical purposes dead. For some time, and especially since M. Titulescu ventured to visit Signor Mussolini in Rome, this grouping of States has been drifting towards dissolution. In London the existence of the Little Entente and of similar one-sided agreements and alliances has never been looked upon with favour, since they tend to endanger rather than to ensure peace. As relations between France and Germany improve, Paris is less likely to support her allies in their quarrels, and the more French influence diminishes, the more difficult it will be for Bucarest, Prague and Belgrade to agree. This may be unfortunate from the Little Entente point of view, but undoubtedly Europe will be the gainer if, for example, M. Benes can succeed in bringing Hungary into a new agreement based on the Locarno model. Such an agreement would have been quite impossible six months ago; it would now astonish nobody.

Naturally this dissolution of the Little Entente will be strenuously denied for some time to come. The daily Press has shown a failure to

appreciate the significance of the Council's session to an extent which is astonishing, even in these days of superficial journalism. It is stated, for example, that no decision was taken in the St. Gotthard machine gun case. Before the Council met the Little Entente and France had loudly demanded a military investigation throughout the whole of Hungary. With this demand the Council refused to comply, and it has not yet decided even that a commission of customs and railway experts need go to St. Gotthard to make inquiries. In diplomacy brutal language is not used, but the refusal to make of an insignificant attempt to smuggle machine guns a first-class international quarrel was a decisive blow to Little Entente aims, and, as such, did nothing to strengthen the bonds between France and the Little Entente and between members of the Little Entente themselves.

In the dispute between Hungary and Rumania over Hungarian optants in Transylvania the lack of unity became much more pronounced. Six months ago Sir Austen Chamberlain proposed a compromise which even some of his colleagues on the Council did not expect the Hungarians to accept. He has now had the courage to swing round and to call

NOISE
DESTROYS
NERVES

Heed the Scientists' warning
and instal
Remington-Noiseless
TYPEWRITERS

Remington-Noiseless
TYPEWRITERS

upon Rumania rather than Hungary to make the sacrifice. It is impossible to believe that, if M. Titulescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, had not recently visited Rome, M. Briand would have given his unqualified support to this pressure on Rumania. It would have been both stupid and unjust to expect M. Titulescu immediately to accept or refuse the new proposal, but probably even before June he will have agreed to make terms with Budapest. It is almost impossible for a small country to hold out against a unanimous recommendation of the Council, and he learned last week that he could no longer expect the support of France.

The visit to this country of a Mohammedan monarch, who is accustomed to driving a Rolls Royce racing car through the streets of his remote capital, and of his Queen, who not only goes unveiled, but who dresses as though she had lived all her life within a mile or two of the Rue de la Paix, would in any circumstances arouse a great deal of public interest. But the welcome given by London to King Amanullah of Afghanistan and his Consort is so spontaneous that it should help him to forget the brief period in 1919 when his troops came into conflict with the British on the North-West frontier. Instead, he will remember that the quarrel was followed by a treaty whereby the British agreed to the complete independence of his country, and this despite the fact that Afghanistan lies between India and the vast, unfriendly territories of Soviet Russia. We hope that King Amanullah will take with him on his return journey through Moscow to Kabul many happy recollections of his stay here to strengthen his conviction that he has in the British Empire a warm friend.

Had the negotiations between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sarwat Pasha led to harsh British terms, the disturbances following the rejection of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty might have been very serious. But already the more moderate Egyptians are beginning to realize how much Sarwat Pasha had gained for them, and how foolish they were to reject the treaty without careful study of it. They will not be very warm in their support of Nahas Pasha, the leader of the Wafd, who is now trying to form a Cabinet, should he set out deliberately to provoke the British Government. In the circumstances perhaps the formation of a definitely Wafd Government is the best thing that could happen; Egypt will then be brought face to face with reality and will have to choose between steady progress under British guidance and a futile dispute under the leadership of a man who has few of the qualities which distinguished his predecessor, Zaghlul.

Last month we said we were unable to agree with either the masters or the men in the deplorable cotton trade dispute. We must now add that, though the men have not bettered their case, the masters have made theirs worse. Of the highly improper action of the owners of two mills we need not say much, since they have been repudiated by the masters' organization. But it has been made very clear that most of the masters never intended the conference to develop

into a sincere and searching examination of the costs of production, and were narrowly bent on discussing only hours and wages. With the breakdown of the conference, nominally over the question of chairmanship, the position in the Lancashire cotton trade has become very grave indeed. It will not improve of itself; on the contrary, it will speedily deteriorate, unless the wisest of the masters persuade their colleagues to consider, with the men, a truly comprehensive scheme of reorganization. Production must be cheapened, not so much by lower wages or longer hours as by judicious amalgamations, accompanied by careful study of every factor which makes at present for waste.

A useful discussion was initiated by Mr. Barclay Harvey's resolution in the House of Commons on the need of developing Empire trade. This country, under post-war conditions, has lost foreign markets, but the Empire, which now takes goods to the value of £80,000,000 more than in 1923, has more than made up the loss. The increased production consequent on the Empire's demand facilitates a lowering of costs, and this also brings nearer the day of vigorous re-entry into the lost foreign markets. But, as Mr. Harvey himself pointed out, all the efforts of the State will be of little avail if British manufacturers do not study the special requirements of the Dominions and Colonies. We will give one instance of failure to do so. In East Africa and some other parts of the Empire there is a demand for medium-priced motor cars capable of taking from fifteen to twenty per cent. more weight than is provided for in the British cars offered. This business is lost because the Americans do, and the British do not, meet the conditions. A ludicrously petty detail loses Sheffield a good deal of cutlery trade in Asia. And so on. Producers here must learn to believe that the consumer generally has sound reasons for what may appear capricious specifications, and in any event is entitled to spend his money where they are met.

The discussion of the methods by which Conservative candidates are commonly chosen should do some good. In far too many constituencies the local Conservative organization supposes itself to be living in that mid-Victorian era in which the candidate could be counted upon to foot every bill. Instead of raising funds enough to be able to choose a candidate for his political talents, it casts about for a man who can be bled of from £500 to £1,000 a year for the maintenance of local Conservative interests. So long as this continues, some of the best Conservative talent must be wasted. No doubt, as Lord Banbury has pointed out, there are certain objections to the Central Office paying election expenses, and thus being in a position to coerce a candidate who subsequently differs on some point from the official policy of the Party. But it is preposterous that all but hopeless constituencies should be closed to a candidate who cannot liberally and continuously subsidize every Conservative organization in it. It is for local Conservative bodies to find the funds they need, not for the candidate to finance them.

M. Rykov, the President of the Council of People's Commissars, or, in other words, President of Soviet Russia, might well add to his income by writing spy stories to amuse the idle bourgeois. The arrest in the Donetz Basin of three German engineers who were supposed to be engaged in a plot to ruin Russian industry, and the reported discovery of mysterious motor-cars with powerful wireless transmitters are quite in the appropriate Phillips Oppenheim vein. But this rather fantastic attempt to make bourgeois engineers bear the responsibility for Marxist muddles has a serious side to it. In the first place, it would seem to indicate that the economic situation must be getting very bad; in the second, it shows that Russo-German relations are degenerating—mainly, of course, owing to German reluctance to lend more money to a country whose support is no longer needed since Germany became a member of the League.

It has been a black week for aviation. A French air-mail pilot and his mechanic were lost in the Channel; Lieutenant Kinhead was killed in his attempt on the speed "record"; Lady Carbery was killed flying in Kenya; and two officers died as a result of an air collision near Ramsgate. As we go to press, grave fear is felt for the safety of Captain Hinchliffe and his passenger the Hon. Elsie Mackay, who set off secretly from Cranwell aerodrome on Tuesday morning in an attempt to make the Atlantic crossing from east to west. In three of these five instances the fatalities occurred in the normal course of duty or pleasure and, regrettable though they are, afford no special cause for comment. The death of Lieutenant Kinhead is different, because it occurred in the performance of a special duty. While everyone must admire this officer's immense pluck and skill, it is natural that the event that caused him to lose his life should raise in the lay mind a question as to the usefulness of "record" breaking, when its results are weighed against the risks and loss incurred. We express no opinion ourselves. The advantage to our air prestige which accrues from the capture of "records" is real and to some extent important—a consideration that places air speed "record" making on a different footing from that of motor-cars. Such achievements also bring orders for British engines and machines from abroad. That this should be so is strange, because the good performance of a specially designed and doctored engine and aircraft of no use for any purpose except that of "record" breaking affords no proof that other machines are good. Naturally no country could afford to lag far behind in these matters, but provided its aeroplanes can put up a creditable performance is the extraction of the extra mile an hour essential?

In considering Captain Hinchliffe's flight and others like it the matter of expediency is hardly relevant. To the question, of what value to aviation are these daring ventures across the Atlantic, the answer must frankly be, none. In the present stage of aerial development their chances of success are not large, and even those which succeed teach no new lesson to aviation as a result. All that can honestly be said of

airmen who succeed in these enterprises is that they were plucky and lucky. But considerations of utility do not bulk large in the calculations of these people. They act in response to the human instinct of quest and adventure, and that is a thing no one can or should wish to frustrate. One day, no doubt, aeroplanes will regularly fly the Atlantic, just as one day elk-farms will possibly grace the acres of "the friendly Arctic." Till then, we must honour those whose courage prompts them, with good success or ill, to anticipate the movements of mankind, whether in the air or across frozen wastes.

It is surprising that Lord Birkenhead's remarks on the paucity of great women writers should have excited so much comment. If there is any truism about literature, surely it is that there have been far fewer women writers of anything approaching the first rank than men. But though the fact is established and a commonplace of long standing, no progress has been made towards an explanation. The educational excuse is silly, since for one thing it was technical and professional rather than literary education which was long denied women, and since for another there is no sure relation between learning and the creative faculty. Possibly the tendency of women towards immediate expression of emotion may be hostile to artistic creation. Possibly—but the possible, partial, unsatisfactory explanations are innumerable. What is certain is that in our literature there is only one indubitably great woman poet, Christina Rossetti; that we have never had a great woman dramatist; that no woman critic has come within measurable distance of Coleridge, Lamb or Pater; and that, despite Jane Austen, and a multitude of exceedingly able subsequent novelists, even in our fiction the men have a marked advantage. So with other literatures. Education and the vote will not alter something that is evidently a permanent fact.

The transmission of photographs by telegraph or telephone land lines, or, at need, by wireless is an astonishing achievement. But we cannot help reflecting on the conditions of a world in which science, in at any rate certain departments, advances not independently and at the volition of disinterested scientists, but in the service of competing popular newspapers. The newspaper is on its way to becoming the dominant factor in life; and we suppose that in future the proudest epitaph for a man of science will be, not that he saw more deeply than any predecessor into the secrets of nature, but that he enabled Lord B.'s papers to get one day ahead of Lord R.'s. Progress, in short, is to become a by-product of newspaper competition. At the same time, the newspaper is to become a mere instrument of insurance against loss of life or other calamity suffered by its registered readers. What Delane or Greenwood would have thought of such developments need not be speculated upon. We others can but shrug our shoulders, and take comfort in the thought that there will always be a remnant of people who value considered political and literary criticism and are indifferent to the speed with which a fool's face photographed on one side of the Atlantic can be reproduced on the other.

THE CASE FOR THE PLURAL VOTE

THE text of the new Franchise Bill shows the Government fulfilling to the letter their promise to make the Parliamentary franchise absolutely equal as between men and women. Even the abominable jargon that is thought appropriate to projects of legislation is incapable of concealing this plain intention, and what is more it is exceedingly unlikely that any direct attack will be delivered on the main principle of the Bill. The principle of equality between the sexes in the eyes of the law has already been carried too far for any serious objection to be raised to the removal of the last remaining legal disability of women, and no one who accepts the principle of equality can seriously defend a different age qualification for men and women. All the silly gibes against the "flapper vote" have withered in the plain common sense of the argument that if a woman is old enough to bring future citizens to birth, she is also old enough to have a voice in shaping their destinies. Politics cannot deny facts which are the common-places of social and family life.

The main criticism of the Bill will be on wholly different grounds from these. It will be objected that under pretence of establishing equality between the sexes the Bill brings into existence a large new class of plural voters. There are under the Bill three qualifications for a vote. Anyone who is of full age and is not subject to legal disability may vote on a residential qualification, or on the qualification of his or her business premises or on a marital qualification. Provided that the residential and the business qualifications are in different constituencies, every married woman will in future have the same vote as her husband for his business premises, and every married man the same vote as his wife for hers. It should logically follow that both may conceivably in certain conditions have three votes, one for residence, a second for his own business premises, and a third for those of his partners, provided that they all are in different constituencies, but a clumsily worded later clause seems to restrict their joint voting strength to two votes apiece. Even so, very many thousands of new plural voters will be created, and those who object to plural voting on principle may be expected to attack the Bill on that ground.

We have no objection to plural voting on principle, provided the several qualifications are clear and distinct. One cannot justify university constituencies on the principle of one man one vote, unless one is prepared to maintain that the fact that a man has obtained a degree and chooses to exercise the university franchise that it confers thereby disqualifies him from his residential franchise. Such a contention would necessarily mean the misrepresentation either of the university or of the constituency in which a man lives. But if the possession of a sufficient amount of learning in callow youth to obtain a degree entitles a man for the rest of his life to a vote for his university, how is one to refuse a vote to a man or woman who has a business qualification in a third constituency? It could only be done by condemning that constituency to misrepresentation.

For our part not only do we refuse to accept the principle of one man one vote as sacred but we are quite unable to understand the principle on which a man or woman is prevented in any circumstances from having more than two votes. If a man has a degree, a residential qualification, and a business qualification in three different constituencies, we fail to understand the principle on which he is prevented from exercising all three. For the basis of representation is, after all, territorial. The member of Parliament is member not for his constituents but for his constituency, and is supposed to represent all its manifold interests; the unit of representation is not the individual but the district in which he has interests, and to restrict the number of votes that a man may cast to two is therefore (if he has interests in other constituencies) to ensure the misrepresentation of the constituencies for which he does not cast a vote.

One man in each constituency one vote is an intelligible and logical principle; one man one vote is a principle that cannot be reconciled with the just representation of local constituencies. So far from being shocked that one man has more than one vote, we ought rather to be shocked at the idea that any constituency should be misrepresented by the exclusion from the franchise of anyone who has a qualifying interest in it. But if the basis of representation be local and dependent on qualifying interest in a given constituency, one cannot possibly be denied either wife or husband the vote for a business qualification of the other. The possession of a degree is personal, and incommunicable to a partner, and it would be ridiculous to argue that because the wife or husband has a vote as a B.A., for a university constituency, therefore his or her partner should have one too. But with a business qualification the case is quite different. For the whole marriage relationship is a partnership, and it is a mere accident that the husband works in one place and the wife in another. One might just as well exclude a husband from the same residential qualification as his wife, whom he leaves to go to work in another constituency, as exclude the wife from her husband's business qualification because she stays to work in another constituency. Both alike have qualifying interests in both places and both have an equal right to vote for both. We hope that the Government will stand by this equitable principle and refuse to be abashed by Liberal and Labour reproaches of establishing a new class of plural voters. We must have plural voters if they are necessary to prevent the misrepresentation of constituencies, or to ensure the equal representation of both of the partners in marriage.

Those who wish to put the principle of one man one vote on a firm logical basis must enlarge their programme of reform so that it embraces more than the mere denial of more than one vote to one man or woman. This, after all, is a repellent policy of barren negation whereas a deeper conception of equal representation might attract men of all parties to its support. That a man or woman is exercising two votes in different constituencies is, after all, a minor matter if their votes are making for their better representation; the really serious matter is that a constituency should be misrepresented by a member elected by

a majority of votes. Under the three-party system that will be the rule not the exception.

We regret exceedingly that the Government have not seen fit to introduce second ballots or some other system for preventing minority representation of a constituency. Calculations of party advantage should be excluded from our minds when we are trying to improve the representation of the people, and in any case they are as likely to be fallacious as sound. Our object should be to get the best men into Parliament, and the increase in the size of constituencies which is always made an objection to P.R. is probably one of its chief recommendations, because it would improve the quality of candidates and discourage those purely local influences which tend to distort representation. It is to our mind a minor matter, though evidently it is important to some, that the larger constituencies would make obsolete the catchword of one man one vote.

There are, we admit, serious objections, but on the whole the arguments for P.R. seem to outweigh the arguments against it; at any rate we should have welcomed the chance of having the subject thoroughly threshed out again in Parliament. The Government are to be congratulated on their courage in removing the last inequalities of political rights between the sexes, and they need not in our opinion attach weight to the criticism of the Opposition that they are creating a new class of plural voters. But we wish that the Government had given their mind to removing other inequalities in our electoral system and to improving as well as extending the representation of the people.

THE ONE-MAN SHOP

UNLESS something quite unexpected occurs, Sir Park Goff's Shop Hours Bill, which passed its second reading last week after fundamental amendment by the Government, will soon reach the Statute Book. This will mean that the consumers of the country will be permanently condemned to injustice. The important amendment made by the Government was that in regard to one-man shops. The Bill as it originally stood enacted that while the existing hours of closing, with the weekly extension, should remain as heretofore, in the discretion of local authorities, an additional extension should be allowed in regard to the sale of confectionery and tobacco, and the owner of the one-man shop should be allowed to open when and for as long as he liked, for the sale of any kind of goods.

This, while going further in the direction of restriction than we should have liked, was on the whole reasonable enough. It meant that the small man would not be penalized and that the general public could with a little trouble get what they wanted when they wanted it. The Government amendment knocked the bottom out of this by refusing exemption for the one-man shop. Legislation, the Home Secretary contended, must be for all. In a matter of this kind there could be no exceptions for this class of retailer or that: the State must legislate for the greatest good of the greatest number. If that meant, as it did

in the present instance, injustice for the few, that was an unfortunate circumstance for which, alas! there was no remedy.

This argument sounds specious enough until we come to consider who are the greatest number for whose greatest good the law is to provide. The greatest number here clearly means the greatest number of shops and the greatest number of shop-assistants—the interests of which latter must in justice be properly guarded. But what of that far greater number—unorganized, unvoiced—the whole body of consumers, the vast majority of the population, whose blameless desire for tobacco or chocolate or hot-water bottles or envelopes after certain hours of an evening is thwarted by Authority as though it were an unmentionable vice? They are to be sacrificed to a section. In perpetuity the ordinary citizen is to be denied reasonable conveniences of purchase in order to gratify a small minority.

If the shop-assistant section of that minority could be protected from exploitation only by means of restrictions of the kind proposed, we should at once agree that consumers must suffer in their interest. Unfortunately for those who make the lot of the shop-assistant the mainstay of their argument, that class can be quite simply and completely guarded from exploitation without any encroachment on the liberty of the public. All that is necessary is to pass a Bill enacting a 48-hour week (or any other length of week that may be considered fair) for shop-assistants. Such a Bill could be agreed upon from the start. When it became law its effect would be to give justice both to assistants and also to the purchasing public. In other words, it would be legislation for the greatest good of the greatest number in a far more literal sense than Sir Park Goff's emasculated measure.

The truth is that the plea on behalf of the shop-assistant is "all my eye and Betty Martin." It is not the shop-assistant but the shop-assistant's employer whose interest is really being considered. The shop-assistant is being made the stalking horse of vested interests. The employer does not wish for an extension of hours for two reasons: first, because it would mean that if he wished to keep his shop or shops open in competition with the one-man business beyond the statutory 48 hours or whatever working-week was arranged; he would have to employ extra shifts, which would cost him money; and second, because in any case he would like to see the one-man shop put out of business as a means to easing competition against himself. To suit his convenience the interests of his assistants are being safeguarded in an unnecessarily roundabout manner, and those of his consumers—the general public on whose goodwill he relies for his livelihood—are simply not being considered at all.

While pretending to abolish D.O.R.A., the new law will perpetuate the worst vices of that tiresome creature indefinitely. It means the final extinction of some of our most treasured if least spectacular liberties. The proper and obvious way to guard against the exploitation of shop-assistants is by limitation of work rather than by closing of premises. By legislating for the few in the name of the many Parliament will be guilty of a grave breach of trust as guardian of the people's freedom.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

TWO War Lords "on the mat" and the third "for it" to-day, the attempted assassination of D.O.R.A., another turn of the thumb-screw on spendthrift Guardians, all this sounds like a week of Parliamentary savagery only to be attenuated by an Act of clemency to Lapwings. *Il n'en est rien*. Proceedings have been almost uniformly humdrum. The launching of the Franchise Bill has evoked little comment. H.M.S. *Pinafore* is likely to be an easily navigable craft.

* *

A somewhat peripatetic debate on the Army Estimates last Thursday rarely deviated from an examination of technical details. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, whose delivery more nearly simulates the snort of the charger scenting battle the longer he stays at the War Office, took credit in an interesting speech for providing a force of minimum numbers and cost, but of maximum efficiency. Mr. Wheatley, however, was for abolishing armies altogether, because the Bolsheviks said it was the right thing to do. The fact of their having the largest army in the world did not seem to bother him, but provided General Charteris with a fine debating target. He found the exact range with his first sentence and his pugilistic-looking figure gave almost material force to some high explosive eloquence. A little later those whom hunger had not driven to the dining-room were treated to a first-rate front-bench maiden speech from Mr. Duff Cooper. His ready answers to the points raised were ably marshalled and clearly expressed, and evidenced a very rapidly acquired familiarity with the intricacies of his Department's activities. Lord Apsley, however, who was in the mood to "tell you all the details of Caractacus's uniform," must have given him a good deal to think about. Mr. Maxton and Miss Wilkinson tried to see in some of his remarks the sad effects of an official connexion with a service department on the liberal views of a promising young Conservative.

* *

Quite a full House assembled on Friday to assist at what was evidently intended to be D.O.R.A.'s positively last appearance on the Parliamentary stage. In moving the second reading of his Shops Bill, Sir Park Goff was ungallant enough to suggest that she ought to be dead and buried, but was nevertheless anxious to erect a monument to her in the shape of making permanent the principle of early closing. This point of view was not seriously contested, in spite of Labour's anxiety lest the removal of restrictions on the sale of tobacco, confectionery, etc., should react to the disadvantage of shop assistants. Only the extreme individualists seemed to favour the proposal to exempt the "one-man business" from the general closing rule, but it was already known that the Government would oppose this clause. Mr. Macquisten tried to make out that the issue was whether the shops existed for the public or the public for the shopkeepers and their assistants, without shaking the general consensus of opinion that everybody's interests ought to be considered. The Home Secretary in blessing the Bill (except for Clause 2) still further enhanced the reputation he is acquiring of being something of a Don Juan. Not content with being called a "Joshua about to lead the flappers into the promised land," he offered to take Miss Wilkinson to the theatre as soon as the law would allow him to be sure of giving her all the chocolates she could want. After such a good-humoured debate, it was only proper that any differences of opinion should be deferred by common consent for consideration in Committee.

Sir Samuel Hoare is the Orpheus of the Cabinet. He is said to take much of his pleasure in the inferno of the ballroom, while as Secretary of State for Air he is an acknowledged master of the art of trumpet-blowing. In presenting his Estimates on Monday he never blared and never overdid the sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, but just laid himself out to lull the critical faculties of the House with unearthly melodies. By stimulating the imagination of his hearers with the dazzling prospects of the aerial communications of the near future, by exciting their admiration at feats of personal daring, by awakening their wonder at the miracles of scientific research and by appealing to their frugality with a recitation of the economies effected in military effort, he clearly intended to convey that there was nothing like the Air Ministry. Some ruder minds, however, did not interpret this in quite the same sense, with the result that the debate was carried on to a rather late hour. The prevailing tendency was to ask for more attention to be paid to civil aviation and to rely on thus strengthening our general position in the air rather than on a too one-sided development of the military and naval arms.

* *

London members had a field day almost to themselves on Tuesday. The Minister of Health proposed the prolongation for five years of certain provisions relating to the Metropolitan Common Poor Fund. This gave the Opposition a chance of accusing the Government of having shelved their Poor Law Reform schemes. Mr. Chamberlain, however, indicated that he was sure the new system would be in full operation, even allowing for transition stages, within the period specified. His suggestion to give powers of control over the administration of the fund to the Metropolitan Asylums Board had no reference, he said, to the mental capacities of Boards of Guardians. Labour speakers, however, saw in it another attempt to tie the hands of Socialist majorities.

* *

Mr. Buchan disarmed possible criticism of his Bill to provide for the licensing of dog-race courses by saying that it was intended to protect the investor and the public generally and was not aimed at the sport as such. He thus obtained leave to introduce this measure on Wednesday without incurring the charge of wanting to prevent dogs from going after electric hares or people from going to the dogs. The House then passed to Mr. Barclay Harvey's motion on Imperial Trade, but without venturing far from the beaten track which makes all such debates so monotonously similar. It was refreshing to listen to Mr. Tom Johnston's repudiation of any Conservative claim to regard the Empire as a "stage property of the Carlton Club." He is rapidly acquiring the position of leader of a new school of Labour Imperialism. Maiden speeches are rare at this stage of a Parliament, but Mr. Culverwell, the holder of West Bristol, acquitted himself well of the trying ordeal.

FIRST CITIZEN

A LETTER FROM OXFORD

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Oxford, March 14, 1928

WE were accustomed not long ago to see rival Liberals put up against each other at the polls and go to the bottom together; at the Union when the Liberals have two candidates standing one comes out first and the other second. This contrast is only one fairly striking example of the breach between the Union and reality which was always con-

siderable but probably never so wide as at present. Its debates consist of predigested facts and figures, badly mixed with a little undergraduate humour and indifferently uttered by speakers whose poses are consciously their single claim to distinction. No incongruous fragment of life or character intrudes into the average debate; arguments which would fall to pieces at the first touch of fundamental criticism can rely on being taken seriously and met on their own ground. The tone is sometimes a little above, often distinctly below, what might reasonably be expected at a public school. One wonders why the long-suffering audience does not rise and rend both sides with two minutes' common sense, until one remembers that with the exception of guests in the gallery the audience consists entirely of young men whose one ambition is to follow in the President's footsteps. Those who are prepared to play the game according to such conventions remain to take an active part; the rest are undeceived by the middle of their first term and the Debating Hall sees no more of them. The atmosphere, therefore, grows increasingly futile and artificial; and losing all sense of values the Union not only fails to attract the ablest members of the University (except those with enough enthusiasm for politics or the Bar to make them endure it) but often fails to promote the ablest men it does possess.

The average President of the Union—I am speaking generally, without allusion to the new or the retiring holder of that office—is a mediocre type from the standpoint of either brains or character, and there is a marked tendency for an innocuous but popular figure who happens to belong to one of the colleges strongest in Union voting power to be elected more by college patriotism than on any other account. Mr. Aubrey Herbert, the new President, is the second in two years who does not belong to either Worcester, New College or Balliol, and taking all the elections since the war (except those for the first two terms of 1926, which I cannot trace at the moment) these three colleges together with St. John's have had eighteen Presidents against eight from all the other colleges put together. While two at least of these certainly deserve to rank high, it is difficult to argue that this immense preponderance is based entirely upon merit.

The drift of this argument is towards showing not that the Union need hardly be taken seriously as a hunting-ground for rising talent, which is clear enough to any intelligent outsider, but that it is in no way representative of Oxford, which might more easily pass unrecognized. Nominally, I suppose, about thirty per cent. of the undergraduates belong to it, but a large proportion of these have been hooked in the Verdant Green stage of their career by zealous college secretaries, and often lured into compounding for life before they have time to find out what the Union is really like. If no undergraduates were allowed to join during their first term the recruiting system would not work so well. The membership is also swelled by adventitious circumstances, apart from the attractions of debate; it is said that if the largest college in Oxford provided a place in which to wash one's hands a large part of the usefulness of the Union would disappear. The opinions of people who join on such grounds are naturally not covered by the Tellers for the Ayes and the Noes. This week at a mock sitting, the Union (complete with its officers in tails) was filmed for the opening scenes in the 'City of Youth'; not many among the innumerable audiences which will presumably see this impressive spectacle are likely to realize what a separate and comparatively insignificant division of Oxford life that assembly represents.

After the war three Oxford expeditions were sent out to Spitsbergen, and they achieved some valuable results, but in spite of strong committee recommendations for their continuance the idea was allowed to drop when the original organizer went down. Now it

has been revived, and a strong Exploration Club with Colonel John Buchan as President has been launched to keep it going permanently. The first expedition organized through the club is to be led by Dr. T. G. Longstaff and will sail from Hull for south-west Greenland (via Copenhagen) at the beginning of June. It is intended to resume the biological work begun in the high Arctic region at Spitsbergen. The University (which has granted its official blessing and £50 from the Chest) and the colleges concerned have been very favourable in their attitude, and by enabling the undergraduate members to go down just after half-term have solved the problem of getting out on the ground in time for the brief sub-Arctic season. Cambridge, who also had designs on Greenland this season, have changed their objective to Labrador.

Since the Preservation Trust has conducted its education very much in public it is encouraging to see signs that the process has advanced a good deal, and a comparison of Sir Michael Sadler's article in the *March London Mercury* with his ideas published at the outset of the campaign almost suggests that the Trust may end by being equal to the immense job it has taken on. At the worst it will serve to educate the average don and the average citizen on the ordinary decencies of community development, and here the real problem lies. Without any national machinery for imposing civic order from above we can hope for nothing except the awakening of some sense of it on the spot, and the way to counter ugly building and criminally ignorant planning is to make the people who see it every day of their lives understand how ugly and wasteful it is. That such an education should be needed by Oxford is a mournful fact; the Trust, if it moves in a mysterious way, is at least moving, and shows some signs of having a good effect in this direction. Meanwhile the damage goes on—even since last term the background of the Thames along Sandford reach has been blotted by villas of the worst order near the Henley Road. The urgency of a proper by-pass system to relieve the ugly burden of through traffic is also beginning to be realized.

Two peculiar vehicles of Oxford culture—the Playhouse and the *Oxford Outlook*—are understood to be at the end of their financial tether. The desperate bid for popularity made by the plebiscite system of choosing a programme for this term has obviously failed, and the Playhouse can hardly hope for better success without drastic overhauling. The same caste and a similar programme would stand a good chance of success if only they had something more like a theatre to act in; it seems to be a choice between building the required theatre or abandoning an effort which is doomed to failure by its makeshift home. It will be one of the most discouraging things that have happened for a long time if so much courage and hard work lead to final failure. Certainly Oxford would be the poorer if Mr. Fagan should throw up the sponge.

MRS. MARKHAM ON ELEPHANTS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

MRS. MARKHAM: You will be glad to hear, my dears, that to-day I am going to talk to you on elephants, which you have often desired me to do.

MARY (*gratified*): Yes, I have, Mamma.

TOMMY: But you know, Mamma, you promised me that you would talk about Americans; I do not see why elephants should come in front of Americans.

MRS. MARKHAM (*sharply*): It is not for you, my child, to dictate the order of my discourses; it is only natural that we should study in the ascending order, from beasts to men.

TOMMY: But, Mamma, do Americans come after elephants?

MRS. MARKHAM: I really cannot go into all that. There are, to begin with, two kinds of elephants—the African and the Indian. The African has larger ears, and a more sloping forehead.

MARY (*with interest*): Do you mean like Made-moiselle?

MRS. MARKHAM (*very angrily*): Certainly not! I cannot conceive what you mean! Let me have no more of this nonsense!

MARY (*earnestly*): Then like the curate at St. Botolph's, Mamma? He has got a sloping forehead and large ears, and—(*on the verge of tears*) I really don't see why—

MRS. MARKHAM (*tempestuously*): I say I will have none of this nonsense! If you want me to talk about elephants, I will talk about them, but I cannot have remarks of yours about curates and what not, interrupting this very interesting subject. Well, then, the elephant is the largest and most intelligent of the brute creation, with the possible exception of the ant, who is much smaller, and of the whale, whose cubic contents sometimes exceed his own—

TOMMY: Whose?

MARY: The elephant's, you fool!

TOMMY (*persisting*): But Mamma said "his own," and I do not see how a whale's dimensions could exceed the whale's own.

MRS. MARKHAM: Children, if you go on like this, I will cease to talk about elephants altogether. And, what is more (*to Tommy*) you shall not hear about Americans either.

MARY (*clasping her hands*): Oh, please, Mamma, do not be offended at our childish incapacity; we are following your admirable instruction with the deepest interest.

MRS. MARKHAM: Well, then, you must further learn that the elephant is remarkable for an excessive prolongation of the nose, known to naturalists as his trunk, and to the gentlemen of the Press as his proboscis.

TOMMY (*excitedly*): I know that word! Uncle Joseph said it meant pro-German!

MRS. MARKHAM (*sharply*): It means nothing of the sort; it is Greek for a projecting thing; it signifies an hypertrophy of the nasal cartilage.

MARY (*suddenly*): Why has an elephant got a trunk, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM (*with solemnity*): Because, my dear, it is his nature to do so—I mean to have one. And indeed it is a beautiful design of Providence, for without it so cumbersome a beast could hardly gather the green grasses which are his natural food, or tear from the high branches of the trees that foliage to which he is so strongly addicted.

TOMMY: Then, Mamma, what about the hippopotamus; because he has no trunk, and his neck is so short that it must be a frightful bore for him to try and bend it to the earth. As for eating the tender shoots of tall elms, he might as well cry for the moon.

MRS. MARKHAM (*with a heavenly glance*): See herein, my dear son, the beneficence of the Creator, who in depriving the hippopotamus of either comestible, has in mercy deprived him of any desire for them.

MARY: But, Mamma, go on and tell us about this trunk; for what else can it be used besides?

MRS. MARKHAM: It can be used for sucking up water and squirting it out again, which is the way this great beast performs his ablutions.

TOMMY: Strange and disgusting!

MRS. MARKHAM (*ignoring him*): And, what is more, he will also use it for squirting water upon his enemies in anger, or upon his friends in play.

MARY: Has the elephant many friends, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: I am sure so good-natured an animal must have many friends; but also he is reserved and of a somewhat haughty temperament. Hence his friends are not so numerous as they might be—he carefully selects them. Next you must learn

that with this trunk he can trumpet, as it is called, expressing the various emotions of shame, rage, anxiety, welcome and pain—all these in different tones. Moreover, he can use this marvellous instrument for so delicate a task as the picking up of a pin, or for tearing up the oaks of the forest. Furthermore, my dear, it is the elephant which provides us with ivory.

TOMMY: How so? How so?

MRS. MARKHAM: Why, two of his teeth project far out of his mouth, curling upwards. These are called tusks; they are not very useful to defend him and they impede his progress through dense thickets.

MARY (*interested*): Then, what, Mamma, can be the object of these?

MRS. MARKHAM: No less, my dear, than the manufacture of billiard balls, which I am assured are not really satisfactory unless they are made of the tusk of the elephant, the name of which material is ivory.

MARY: What else can the elephant do, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: He can remember.

TOMMY: I seem also to have read, Mamma, that he is tenacious, though slow in his affections.

MRS. MARKHAM: You are right, my dear; and he is also retentive of any injury.

MARY: Pray how, dear Mamma, does the elephant avenge himself upon such as may have maltreated him?

MRS. MARKHAM: Though not vindictive, the elephant has various ways of expressing his displeasure at slights or injuries. Sometimes he will lift the offender in his trunk and dash him to the ground. At other times he will disembowel him with the tusks of which I have spoken. At others again he will trample him under his feet and reduce him to a shapeless condition.

MARY: I am glad, Mamma, that I have never injured an elephant.

MRS. MARKHAM: You may be equally glad, my dear, that an elephant has never injured you.

MARY: Is it true, Mamma, that nearly all the elephants in the world belong to England?

MRS. MARKHAM (*simply*): Yes, my dear, I am glad to say it is.

TOMMY: Do the elephants know this, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM (*genially*): Yes, I think in their sort of animal way they do, and that is what makes them look so contented.

MARY: What do elephants eat, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Hay.

TOMMY: And where do they go to when they die?

MRS. MARKHAM: That, my dear Tommy, is a matter beyond our ken, and into which we would do well not to inquire.

MARY: I am sure that so good, kind and intelligent a beast would never go to hell.

MRS. MARKHAM (*sharply*): I must not have this sort of conversation, Mary. It is enough for you to know that the elephant, having reached the exemplary age of 125 years, retires to the depths of the jungle, where it peacefully expires.

TOMMY (*gently*): And that is the end of the elephant.

MARY: Is there anything else you could tell us about elephants, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM (*decidedly*): Very much, my dear. I could tell you their former use in war, and of how they now use them to lift great logs of teak, as you may see in picture books, and also to perform in circuses, and to carry upon their backs the officials of our great Indian Empire. At such a height from the ground they are free from molestation at the hands of the Orient mob. Indeed, I could discourse at great length upon this truly imperial animal, but that must be enough for to-day.

TOMMY (*coaxingly*): And next time, Mamma, you are to talk to us about Americans, will you not?

MRS. MARKHAM (*mysteriously*): I will see what can be done.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

BY GERALD GOULD

WHO is the Happy Warrior? I have known only one perfectly happy man in my life. And this, or something like it, was his way.

He was a publican, and, as far as my knowledge went (I cannot pretend to have tested it at every hour of the day), lived behind his bar, and for it. He had a single principle in life: it was ranged in bottles along shelves, and in neat shining handles, like gear-levers, along the counter. I do not know whether he possessed a coat: perhaps he had given that garment away to somebody who had taken his cloak: but I never saw him in anything but his shirt-sleeves. Below, he was girt with an apron, something between white and black, about an ever-increasing middle. Above, his face showed rounder and redder than a sun in autumn mist: mitigated only by a wisp of moustache (a thing of derision and ineptitude), it shone otherwise with an imperturbable lambency upon the just and the unjust. It could not change colour; it did not change expression. There was indeed very little expression to change, but such as there was admitted not even the hint or possibility of variation. A cold surface geniality, an angry, suspicious and vacant charm, gilded that countenance already over-polished with potations: its ruddiness conveyed no warmth, its cheerfulness no cheer. His joy was all for himself; and every few minutes, out of a bottle, he would help himself to more.

I never saw him drunk. I never saw him sober. He did not exceed, if excess be held synonymous with retribution. Always he appeared able to keep himself on that pinnacle of satisfaction, that perilous ecstatic point of the golden glow, which other men attain but two or three times in a whole life and recall with elegies and tears. One drop the more, one spot the less, had half impaired the nameless grace. . . . He was, I believe, a bad and selfish man. His conversation, anecdotal and egotistical, was a jolly but dreary chronicle of self-indulgence. Apart from curses on the weather, and the throaty animal cries with which he indicated that he was drinking to the future welfare of his customers, he spoke of nothing but himself; and of himself he spoke always with admiration. The men he had cheated, the women he had betrayed! Somewhere in the background, crushed almost out of recognizable humanity, slunk a dowdy, dreary creature whom he owned as wife. Yes, he was a bad man; and I think he was perfectly happy.

He was one of the best-known figures in one of the best-known streets in London; and he is dead long since. His bar has been modernized; his place would scarcely know him if he came again. Speculation is rife (speculation is never anything else—an unripe speculation is unknown to this trade of the pen) about his present abode. It is not rife anywhere but in my mind, and there seldom; nevertheless, the problem has its interest. If that old theory of the transmigration of souls be true, what frame would such a spirit, so almost identical with the fumes of spilt alcohol, appropriately inhabit? I can picture him as behemoth, crashing negligently through dark undergrowth; or a

crocodile, smiling from the slime. Would the progress so indicated be upward or downward? Is happiness allowed to continue, existence after existence, in insolent abstraction from morality? Or is the smallest embryo of virtue condemned to climb, and the contented sinner sentenced to perfection?

It is to correct the discrepancy between happiness and virtue that man has called in the future life. Matthew Arnold thought that we took that futurity too easily for granted—as if we had merely to wait till we died, and then should be sure of living. Only the rare and heroic person, argued Matthew Arnold,

His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

But this is to conceive of eternity as a reward; and it is true that we think of it as a reward for ourselves; but for other people, dash it all, there must surely be punishment! Shall we suffer Blank and Dash—bad lads both of them—to enjoy this earthly period, and get away with it? Justice—the name we give to jealousy—forbids!

It would not be difficult to argue that retribution rather than reward is the main idea in humanity's clamour for continuance. We do not really feel ourselves worthy of reward; even the most self-righteous are uneasily conscious of a thing or two that may need explanation—though naturally, naturally, it all *can* be explained!—when every secret is revealed; and those to whom the world has been harsh and conspicuously unjust are in many cases less desirous of compensation than of rest. Robert Browning seems to have had most of the gifts available for mortals—health, independence, vitality, genius and a perfect love—but his verdict on that business of climbing upwards through life after life was unequivocal:

Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
The uses of labour are surely done;
There remaineth a rest for the people of God:
And I have had troubles enough, for one.

I do not forget that he said the opposite in 'Evelyn Hope': it remains none the less remarkable that a creature of his quenchless energy should have voiced so perfectly an answer to the energetic creed.

By a chance, one of the best men I ever knew—opposite in every particular to the sun-faced monster—was also a publican. He kept a small house in the western marches, with only a few inarticulate rustics for regular customers, and an occasional guest from London to idle and dream. In him and his surroundings seemed concentrated the legend and poetry of the inn: the house itself small and grey, like its owner: its outward view, like his, over great spaces and towards great heights. There was sand on the bar-parlour floor: the beer was bitter, cold and pure. To come to such a place in the hollow hour of evening, with the last fires of sunset wild but innocent along the mountains, was to come home, and almost to believe in a home that should be perpetual.

Yet on this good man life had shed a torrent of iniquities. His record was of solitude, poverty, disappointment and bereavement. He had lost wife and daughter, two lovely beings. He was not unserene; but certainly he was not happy.

Do we deceive ourselves when we imagine that, of these two men, we would rather be the latter than the former? At least, if we were given the choice, we should be choosing between incommen-

surates. Virtue does not balance happiness in this life, and I see little reason to suppose it will do so in any other. The justice of infinity may have its own compassions, and will perhaps summon the drunken ruffian to the only sort of bar he understands.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

CÆSAR'S "FAILURE"

SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. Shanks's review of Dr. Rice Holmes's book on Augustus; but I cannot follow him in his pronouncement that Julius Cæsar was a failure because he "allowed himself to be assassinated." The reduction, pacification and final settlement of Gaul was success enough to take most men out of the category of failure. The overthrow of the senatorial party generalised by Pompeius, clearing the site of the effete republican regime to make room for a better superstructure, was an achievement which anyone realizing the forces and resources ranged against Cæsar would put extremely high in the order of success.

But apparently these great successes do not count because Cæsar "allowed himself to be assassinated." This can only mean one of two things. Either Cæsar was totally unconscious that there was any conspiracy afoot and believed all those around him to be perfectly loyal and so became their easy prey; or he knew them well enough and deliberately preferred to take the risk. The former alternative need hardly be considered. There were more than thirty men in the conspiracy; nearly all of them of Cæsar's party, and some his intimates. It is not possible that he was unaware of what was going on; though we need not assume that he knew the day and hour when the attempt was to be made. Cæsar deliberately preferred to take the risk. All through his life he practised the policy of risk, as nearly all really big men do. He put away suspicion so far as it was possible. Mr. Shanks would have him always go about and sleep in a shirt of mail, with a body-guard behind and before on all occasions and a posse of fasters at his elbow at dinner. He would have him anticipate Louis XI. Had Cæsar done so, he would never have achieved the success he did, and would have been murdered all the same. If there is a gang intent on killing someone that person is doomed. At any rate he will not escape by caution. Far the best way was Cæsar's, who took no notice of stories.

It is possible, I admit, that Cæsar was mistaken in Marcus Brutus, whom he really loved and for whom he had done much; both, Mr. Shanks may say, good grounds for not trusting him. But Cæsar was not a cynic. Moreover, Brutus by himself would not have been dangerous. He would never have struck Cæsar unless well backed by others who would strike first.

What about Sulla, someone may say? Well, what about him? Simply this; he was Sulla the Lucky.

Certainly it is a novel and in a grim sort of way humorous doctrine that murder is to be imputed as a fault rather to the murdered than to the murderer.

I am, etc.,

HAROLD HODGE

The Travellers' Club

FERRERO AND HISTORY

SIR,—May I strike a mild note of interrogation? Why are current references to the works of the Italian

historian, Ferrero, so commonly contemptuous? Is it because, while professing to be deep, he is not dull? No two students of history will fail to have differences of opinion, but incivility in consequence is surely exceptional enough to excite remark.

In your current issue a reviewer accepts the convention by describing Ferrero as interpreting history in terms of dirty intrigue, and likening Cæsar to a Tammany Boss, etc.

I am adding this specimen to my collection of sneers, which begins with some words from a public address delivered in 1910 by a University professor. Whether it fairly represents what one finds in 'Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma' (a work crowned by the French Academy) is a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt about the tone of contempt. The same tone appears in a reference by your contributor to what, if I remember rightly, was a criticism of Ferrero's speculations on a route taken by Julius Cæsar in one of his Gallic expeditions, a matter of geographical or military rather than historical interest.

I hold views that clash with Ferrero's on some points, but my personal knowledge of his unfailing courtesy in argument is such as to make one regret the feature of English criticism that has prompted this letter.

I am, etc.,

Authors' Club, S.W.1

E. R. GARNSEY

HERE ALSO THERE ARE GODS

SIR,—A certain melancholy, if legendary, young man was once troubled whether "To be, or not to be." You have it now on record that a certain melancholy, if real, young man was similarly troubled with the dissimilar whether "To write or not to write"—until your second leader last week decided that for him; especially the concluding sentence:

Let us be thankful that, in the raw daylight of modern scepticism, he can still satisfy it at once so simply and so respectably.

Which refers, of course, to "Man is possessed of an ineradicable need of worship." Were it not for the not-obvious tragedy that lies behind this obvious truth I should have enjoyed this article at its true worth. But as it is I must raise my pen in gentle protest.

Clearly, here is a power which, if harnessed to industry, is capable of incalculable results; while your writer invites us to be thankful that if productive of no good, at least it does us no harm. This power is little understood; but that does not prevent innumerable parasites from battenning upon it. And, in an age when British trade is fighting with its back to the wall, the mainspring of energy—harmony—ought not to be the theme of the essayist, but included in the industrial armoury. This last, I believe, is the purpose of the Industrial Conference. Yet, with the best of good-will on both sides, I find myself pessimistic of the practical results because hitherto Science has paid little attention to this all-important factor in human effort, with the result that the Conference has little exact data to work with.

Now comes the most difficult part of my letter: to couch in modest language extraordinary claims. It was while enjoying a Trade Union Scholarship at Oxford that I stumbled upon my discovery. Going up at 27 my practical mind was disappointed with what it learnt there. Or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say what it did not learn there. And I set my heart to discover the meaning of "Supply and Demand." Needless to say, my year was up and I did not discover its flexible secret. But I did discover something which would be of immense practical value to an industrially-agonized world. Pursuing this discovery during the last nine months has led me into extraordinary paths. So much so,

that I hesitate, and will not put down in black and white anything except, perhaps, that my discovery, properly produced, will ultimately de-departmentalize Science. Which, you will admit, Sir, is already saying too much.

In conclusion I wish to point out that the necessary twelve months' leisure in which to produce my discovery in the most elementary but workable form is as distant from me as the moon.

I do not invite controversy but investigation.

I am, etc.,

"MERE WORKMAN"

SCHOOL PICTURES

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Edward Urwick, in the last issue of your REVIEW, laments the absence of any exhibition of good colour prints to which the children might be taken with a view to developing their æsthetic taste. As President of the Society of Graver-Printers in Colour, I have pleasure in inviting all interested in the Society's Exhibition of British and foreign original colour prints, now open at 18 Cork Street, W.1, and on view until April 5.

I am, etc.,

W. GILES,

President

The Society of Graver-Printers in Colour,
18 Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W.1

CHARITY

SIR,—The ambiguity to which your correspondent alludes is due to the fact that Christianity attached a new and higher meaning to the Greek word "ἀγάπη" than it had ever possessed before, and that neither in Latin nor English is there any single word which is its exact equivalent. "Amor" and "Love" are commonly applied to individuals and suggest something of passion; but on the other hand, "caritas" or "charity" would be quite incongruous if used in a translation of that infinitely beautiful declaration of St. John: "ὁ Θεὸς ἀγάπη ἐστίν."

Translators of the New Testament had to choose one or other of these two words, and their choice varied a good deal, until the appearance of the Revised Version, in which "Love" alone is employed. The alteration, on the whole, is probably for the better, but St. Paul's noble description of the crowning virtue of the Christian life loses much of its charm when read aloud, if "charity," at the beginning of each clause, is replaced by the monosyllabic "love."

There are one or two other instances in which perhaps "charity" should have been retained: the "feasts of charity," in St. Jude, are now "love-feasts," without of course any inverted commas, and St. Peter's final exhortation, at the end of his First Epistle, "Salute one another with a kiss of love," is far less dignified than the older version: "Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity."

I am, etc.,

Eastbourne

WALTER CRICK

SMALLPOX

SIR,—Mr. Gerald Bullett deserves the thanks of statisticians, who are apt to refrain from criticizing statistical fallacies from sheer weariness. Positive conclusions cannot be drawn from so small a sample as five. What constitutes a sufficient sample depends upon the variability of the matter under investigation; the more variable it is the larger should be the sample, but no mortality-rate is so "constant" as to justify positive deductions from an extremely small sample. The "percentage dodge" of which Mr. Bullett speaks cannot succeed if the original

data are given, as they should be. In many cases percentages form the only simple and readily comprehensible method of comparison.

I am, etc.,

W. R. DUNSTAN

Stantons, Lewes, Sussex

MR. KIPLING

SIR,—“Stet.” in his interesting article in your recent number quotes Max Beerbohm's startling theory that Kipling is a feminine writer. He goes on to say “Mr. Beerbohm's is probably still the only admonition addressed to Mr. Kipling.” Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in ‘From a Cornish Window’ makes the same charge while discussing the sex of writers.

His position is that the feminine writer is interested only in the particular, the masculine is always seeking the universal behind the particular. It is interesting that two critics should have arrived at the same paradoxical view of Mr. Kipling along such different paths. It looks as if there might be something in it. Anyhow, I agree with “Stet.” about the interest of approaching the criticism of a writer by determining his or her sex. It would, I believe, cause a startling readjustment of values in many cases.

I am, etc.,

P. P. STUART

Garrick Club, W.C.2

PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT COTTAGES

SIR,—“Surely,” wrote William Morris, “Bibury is the loveliest village in England.” The owner of Arlington Row, perhaps the most beautiful group of cottages in Bibury, finds that he is no longer able to keep them in proper repair. He is, however, anxious that they should not be spoiled, and with the object of securing their permanent preservation has offered to hand them over for a small figure to the Royal Society of Arts, whose scheme for the Preservation of Ancient Cottages was inaugurated a year ago by the Prime Minister, on condition that the necessary work of repair is carried out.

The beautiful stone-slatted roofs are in imminent danger of collapse, and the Society's architect, who is familiar with work of this kind, estimates that at least £1,000 will be required to put the eight cottages into a satisfactory condition. The rents of the cottages, which the Society would certainly not propose to raise (nor would it propose to change the nature of their occupation), are insufficient to pay for the cost of maintenance, and the Society therefore hopes, with the help of those interested in such work, to inaugurate a special repair fund of £500, the interest of which may be ear-marked for this purpose. The total amount aimed at, therefore, is £2,000, which will provide for the purchase of the eight cottages, the repairs immediately necessary, and also for a permanent repair fund. If this sum can be raised, the cottages, after the necessary work has been carried out, will be handed over by the Royal Society of Arts to a Local Committee of Management.

The object in view is, we feel sure, one which lies near the heart of all lovers of the matchless Cotswold country, and we appeal to them with confidence to help us to preserve the peculiar charm and character of Bibury and to hand it on intact as a continuing joy for those who come after us.

We are, etc.,

BEAUCHAMP (Lord Lieutenant of the County of Gloucester), A. C. GLOUCESTER, BATHURST, WALTER TAPPER (President, Royal Institute of British Architects), PHILIP MAGNUS (Chairman, Council of the Royal Society of Arts), FRANK BAINES (Chairman, Royal Society of Arts Fund for the Preservation of Ancient Cottages).

Royal Society of Arts,

John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2

THE THEATRE HOMAGE TO HENRIK

BY IVOR BROWN

Hedda Gabler. By Henrik Ibsen. The Everyman Theatre.

THE Ibsen centenary has followed close upon the death of Hardy, so that we can talk of them almost in one breath. That accident of time represents a true conjunction of the spirit, since both were authentic humanists, putting the fact before the phrase and the man before the mass. Both were reviled by the religious and had to suffer the contemptible persecutions of a shallow piety and both are now in danger of the praise that kills, since Hardy is so absurdly at Westminster and Henrik has gone to the Parthenon. Both may be honoured for a thousand reasons, but the reason that chiefly governs my affection and evokes my homage is their respect for reason. By that I mean that they valued actions by calculating results and that they measured their results in terms of the happiness and sufferings of actual individuals. Against authority, which pits custom against calculation, they were adamant; against traditional standards they were protestant; against the social machine they were the splendid wreckers. For the machine-minder never thinks of human happiness, but always of some handy catchword like the honour of the nation or the purity of the home or the glory of God. Before such verbal charms neither of my champions would grovel; instead, they asked leave to ask questions, and tried to stop the human sacrifice at the altars of such Idols or Ideals.

Naturally both came in for the same kind of punishment from the same kind of enthusiast, that is from the worshippers of cant and corporations. Clement Scott did, I suppose, venerate the mentally bankrupt theatre of his time as Chesterton venerates the mental discipline of his Church. So all the foul-mouthed ravings of Clement Scott against Ibsen may be set beside Chesterton's self-revealing and self-condemning insults to Hardy. "A sort of village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot." The same might have been said of Ibsen, for neither he nor Hardy would have looked on the village idiot as a matter for hosannas and hearty Christian laughter. They were not, as were their critics, Catholics; they cared for the will and welfare of the individual and knew that the institution was often his grudging and his grinding enemy. For young men who are being put through a blend of football and theology under pretext of education, such authors make life easier and in youth I owed great happiness to both. I was grateful then and I am grateful now.

Ibsen's contribution to the theatre was so immense that I dare not attempt to deal with it in a single article. At least it can be said that Ibsen led Shaw and the other post-Ibsenites and that by them our English drama was recovered from a long darkness, lit only by the occasional radiance of some violent histrionics. Through Ibsen the European mind was restored to the European drama and there can be no greater praise than that. To that drama Ibsen contributed a mastery of technique unrivalled since his time; to that mind he brought a cleansing hatred of catchwords which was never more precious than it is to-day. He was not, perhaps, a great constructive thinker; his scepticism was strong enough to turn inwards as well as outwards, and he constantly reviewed his own conclusions. He wrote 'The Wild Duck' obviously to show that his unrelenting demand for truth might become an idol as cruel as any of the lies which he had exposed. When he had stated the case for the feminists in 'A Doll's House' in a way that seemed final except to his wife-haunted rival, Strindberg, he could turn in his tracks and write such a masterpiece as 'Hedda Gabler,' as though teaching

Strindberg himself how to handle this matter of the devil in woman.

'Hedda Gabler' was written in 1890, three years after 'The Father,' and in the same year as 'Creditors.' Hedda is the free wife, no doll in a toy-house; no singing-bird in a painted cage. She has leisure, she has liberty, she has ambition, and she has beauty. But all she can do is to bore herself until in her despair she makes malevolence her consolation, and wrong-doing a preposterous creed. Hedda, with her juvenile aestheticism, her prattlings about vine-leaves in the hair and doing beautifully the deed which ends all other deeds, is really the Universal Aunt to all the little breeds of the 'nineties, the arts-for-art's-sakers and the sin-for-sin's-sakers, and all the other cultivated ninnies of the cliques. Here you can see working the uncanny social prescience of Ibsen. He saw the horrible human itch for falsification and idolizing at work on social freedom. If a woman like Thea in this play could really assert her claim to freedom and put her rights as an individual before the deadening loyalty to the institution, then indeed the world might be looking fair for Ibsenites. But Thea, who has courage as well as understanding, is matched in life by Hedda, who has neither. Hedda's deficiency in realism is made up by a superfluity of romanticism. If she cannot stand for liberty with honourable pluck, she can idolize licence with a wealth of mischievous make-believe. The ideal that is marked for punishment this time is the inverted ideal of a deliberate naughtiness. Hedda sets out to be Satanic and to dramatize herself as *la belle dame sans merci*. One of Ibsen's finest uses of drama is to reveal the abominable villainies inherent in self-dramatization. Think of that mountebank Ekdal and then of the parlour-witch that is Hedda, assuming a demoniac possession for the fun, the appearance, the romantic glory of the thing! In each the exposure is as deadly as it is deliberate. Ibsen's superb and unceasing self-criticism is at work again. He had shown Nora fighting against social usage for her life and her freedom; now he shows us Hedda turning freedom into a usage and revolt into a cult. As Shaw says in 'The Quintessence,' he hunts you from position to position.

I implore play-goers to join the hunt at Hampstead, and not merely because this is centenary time and the bell is ringing for service. It would be an irony, indeed, if Ibsen were to be honoured in that spirit. To me any performance of 'Hedda Gabler' is a lure; there is always some new wisdom or beauty half-hidden in the shadows of this play. In this case Miss Laura Cowie once more proves herself an actress of lively imagination and superb achievement. She has imagined Hedda on most vivid and personal lines as a creature moving to a tormented and tormenting madness, like one of Strindberg's women. Of course the plot makes tall orders on Hedda. "People don't do such things," is the line that ends her story. Yet Hedda, though larger than life, is surely not other than life. She is frightful in her enagement against her own futility, but she is not fay. She is desperate, but not bedevilled. Miss Cowie seems to accept bedevilment and a more than human desperation. She drives Hedda across the mental border-line. It may not be right, but it is magnificent. There is a perfect physical articulation of every whim and impulse. After all, why not a new Hedda? Let us be good Ibsenites and make war on ideals, even the ideal Hedda. There is a good company, Miss Margaret Swallow and Mr. Vernon Sylvaire are excellent as Thea and Lovborg, and Mr. George Zucco an admirable Brack. Mr. Walter Pearce rather overdid the flabby gaucherie of Tesman; after all, Hedda, the general's daughter, did bring herself to marry the man and he should not seem to be fit only for the awkward squad.

There are to be matinees at the Kingsway Theatre next week of 'A Doll's House' and at Wyndham's

during the week after of 'An Enemy of the People,' 'Ghosts' and 'The Wild Duck.' Mrs. Patrick Campbell will play the part of Mrs. Alving, last taken in Central London by Duse. Our centenary celebrations, accordingly, will not largely interrupt the crime wave which has become the London theatre; all the more reason, then, for taking the few chances. No play of Ibsen's middle period has withered yet; masters are not thus touched by the frost of the years. They will not wither.

THE KINEMA

The Circus. By Charles Chaplin. New Gallery Kinema.

The new Chaplin film shows no advance on the best of its predecessors. Those who have seen the latest technical ingenuities of production, notably in German films, will find many of the "shots" in 'The Circus' commonplace, though there is nothing slovenly and much that is slick and even imaginative. Mr. Chaplin, we know, was not aiming at innovation; he had the cameras pointed deliberately in the other direction. He set himself to do a thorough-going slap-stick comedy in his early style, plus a squeeze of the "inferiority-complex" pathos of which he is so subtle a master. Unhappily the two ingredients have not been skilfully blended. Perhaps the result would have been more satisfactory had the picture been of greater length; it may be that Mr. Chaplin has not allowed himself enough elbow-room for the complete working out of his theme. It can only be said that for once the pathos is not particularly convincing.

Probably the fault lies in the weakness of the story, which without Chaplin would be banal. The circus-proprietor is a pasteboard villain straight out of the crudest of melodramas; we never for an instant believe in him or his inhuman cruelty to his daughter. Nor can we believe in the daughter, and because we cannot believe in her we cannot believe that Charlie's heart bleeds when she goes off with another. But in this picture it is the humour that matters, and even here there are lapses. At his best—and there are large chunks of his best—he moves the house to uncontrollable mirth; but there are considerable stretches during which we are not meant to be crying and are surprised to find ourselves not laughing.

The atmosphere of sawdust is well sustained, helped by an orchestra which plays snatches of all the old circus favourites at the appropriate moments—the Tannhauser overture, 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' and the rest. But on the other side of the canvas, among the caravans, the fun occasionally lags, and so does the sentiment. Leoncavallo is used assiduously, but he is not enough: we cannot see Charlie as Pagliacci.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—107

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an exact translation or free version of either or both of the following poems:

- (i) Du bist min, ich bin din:
des solt du gewis sin.
Du bist beslossen
in minem Hersen;
verlorn ist das Slüzselin:
du muost immer drinne sin.
- (ii) Waer diu welt alliu min
von dem mere bis an den Rin,
des wolte ich mich darben,
das diu künigin von Engellant
Laege an minen armen.

Competitors are allowed the utmost liberty possible. They may expand or compress as they think fit, attempt to reproduce the archaisms of the originals or modernize them. The prizes will go to the competitors

who make the best English poetry out of the German material here supplied.

B. If you could at will spend a week in some other period of the world's history, what period would you choose and why? We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a reply in not more than 250 words.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 107A, or LITERARY 107B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, March 26, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for March 31. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 105

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation of the following sonnet by Ronsard. The translation need not be into sixteenth-century English, but any anachronism of phrase should be avoided. The sonnet form must be retained.

Comme on voit sur la branche au mois de May la rose

*En sa belle jeunesse, en sa premiere fleur,
Rendre le ciel jaloux de sa vive couleur,
Quand l'aube de ses pleurs au point du jour
l'arrose:*

*La grace dans sa feuille, et l'amour se repose,
Embaumant les jardins et les arbres d'odeur:
Mais battue ou de pluie ou d'excessive ardeur,
Languissante elle meurt feuille à feuille declose.*

*Ainsi en ta premiere et jeune nouveauté,
Quand la terre et le ciel honoroient ta beauté,
La Parque t'a tuée, et cendre tu reposes.*

*Pour obseques reçois mes larmes et mes pleurs,
Ce vase plein de lait, ce panier plein de fleurs,
Afin que vif et mort ton corps ne soit que roses.*

B. You are a leader-writer on a Socialist newspaper. It has been a day devoid of news, except for a bicycle accident at Clapham and the publication of a new edition of fairy stories. Your instructions are to write a leading article of 350-400 words entitled 'Fairytales,' alluding to both these news items and proceeding by logical steps to the conclusion that the only hope of salvation for the country lies in the Nationalization of all means of Production, Distribution and Exchange. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best leading articles submitted.

REPORT FROM MR. BERTRAM

105A. Both competitions have produced a deluge of entries, but no very illuminating general conclusion emerges from them except that old one, of which competitors must be growing weary, that the amateur is obviously more successful with verse

than with prose. Ronsard's sonnet, however, has presented even the adepts with a very difficult problem—as I hoped it would—and I do not feel that even the winners have really captured its peculiar flavour. Maybe it is of a character which the English language never could exactly express.

I recommend Major Brawn for the first prize, but a little doubtfully. I very much like Major Brawn's sixth line, but I dislike his seventh, which is too obviously dictated by his rhyme scheme. Such a fault is peculiarly flagrant beside Ronsard. On the other hand, I see no justification for Death hewing a tomb. It is a difficult choice. For the second prize I recommend Hugh Chesterman.

In the distinguished company of honourable mentions are Pibwob, who uses the characteristic epithet "jocund"; Non Omnia, who sustains the conceit admirably with such words as "vernal," "lawn" and "glade," and, with Pibwob, presses the winners; H. P. Dixon, who was uneven, but at his best the most poetic of all the entrants; W. F. Battershill, who does not unfortunately keep up to the level of his "taunting the Heavens to beat its gaudy show" (of course, Ronsard would not have used "beat," but the line is imaginative, and I did not ask for more than the avoidance of anachronism); S. J. Postlethwaite, with "vermeil" and "the soiling grand"; Duff Cooper, whose entry flows with an accomplished ease and added seriously to my difficulties in selecting the winners, and finally Kenneth McDowall and M. L. G. B., both good.

FIRST PRIZE

Ev'n as a rose upon a branch in May
In her fair flush and earliest blossoming
Fills heaven with envy of her colouring
When morning waters her with tears of day,
—Grace in her petals and love's self do stay,
Loading her green world with the scents they bring.
But, struck by rain or summer's scorching sting,
Those petals all unclose, she pales away.
Thus in the spring and freshness of thy years,
While heaven and earth thy beauty both adored,
Fate struck—Thy body but grey dust reposes.
So take from me thy meed of grief and tears,
This jar of milk, this basket's flowered board,
—Till, dead yet living, all thy corse be roses.

MAJOR BRAWN

SECOND PRIZE

As when in May the rose unveils anew
Her vernal beauty, until Heaven confess
Itself too envious of such loveliness,
When Dawn first sprinkles her with summer dew;
In every leaf dwell Love and sweet Delight,
Their fragrance lingereth on lawn and tree,
But storm or sun assail her until she
Languishing, leaf by leaf, doth perish quite.

So in thy Spring, Beloved, even when
Thy comeliness was blessed by Gods and men,
Death came too soon and hewed this tomb for thee;
My sighs, my gift of tears, I bring thee now,
This bowl of milk, these cradled flowers, since thou
In Death no less than Life, a rose shalt be.

HUGH CHESTERMAN

COMMENDED

This rose, this darling of a dawn in May,
Though in her pristine loveliness she spread
Her fantasy of form, of creaming red,
Fragrant with dew, against the blue of day:
Though love's own essence in her bosom lay,
Earth's incense hover round her dreaming head,
Yet would her petals fall, her life be shed,
Came storming rain or too much sun her way.

Alas! So in thy beauteous smiling youth,
When earth and sky and the far scented South
Came wooing thee, Death carried thee away.

Flow, flow, my tears, o'er this low, timeless bed;
Set milk and flowers for a loved one dead,
That I may conjure her a rose for aye.

H. P. DIXON

105B. A common fault of the entrants for this competition was to write like illiterate fanatics. Now leader-writers, even on Socialist papers, are not quite so stupid as that. What was wanted, rather, was a display of laughable ingenuity in twisting two small incidents into a large argument. Lester Ralph succeeded admirably, and I recommend him for first prize. The second prize goes to John Gauvain, who is asked to send his address to the Editor. Those who deserve honourable mention are: J. C. Nunns, W. H. Boyce, Non Omnia, S. J. Simon, A. S. Ryan and George van Raalte.

FIRST PRIZE

Year after year the infant mind is beguiled by the issue of some new collection of fairy tales, even as that of the adult male, or the adolescent female, is entertained by the recurrent hocus-pocus of a Mis-Government dependent for votes upon the gullibility of the electorate. Princess Dodoscue's 'True Blue Fairy Book,' published to-day by Messrs. Fairleigh Spottedwood, comes before the public simultaneously with the announcement of the bicycle accident at Clapham; and it is at least debatable which of the two fatalities is the more to be deplored.

The infant mind wants cast-iron facts: the young elector cast-iron bicycle frames, if this community is to do more than hurtle dangerously down the highway of World Politics in its present reckless fashion. The world of sham and make-believe, however congenial to the idealism of some even of our own alleged leaders, is not that in which the working-man of to-day has to toil for the pittance extorted from the clutch of industrial plutocracy. Nor are we disposed to allow too much credence to the version of a contemporary, wherein the car which crashed into Mr. Blogg's bicycle, reducing rider and machine to a mass of barely recognizable debris, is reported as having pulled up at the instance of its wealthy owner rather than at that of the police. Such things occur in fairy tales.

There is manifestly something wrong with a distribution of commodities which allows Sir Midas Juggernaut, on pleasure bent, and in a Rolls Royce, to annihilate a simple member of the proletariat humbly pedalling to his day's work on a defective push-bike. There is equally something wrong with a system of production which offers our children, as mental pabulum, the fantasies of out-worn fiction rather than the living realities of economics. But as long as a small section of the community controls the destinies of a whole nation by its selfish manipulation of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange, so long will the nation be condemned to the consumption of the faked product. Nationalization alone can banish alike from the nursery and the street the demoralization consequent upon a regime of shoddy and fairy tales.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

There are cheering signs of a trade revival. This morning an edition de luxe of that famous classic, 'Grimm's Fairy Tales,' was for the first time on sale. The handsome volume is priced at fifty shillings, and the publishers hope to dispose of three thousand copies. They are to be congratulated on their courage—or on their public. The mining industry may be at its last gasp, but there is a steadily increasing demand for fairy tales!

It was not Grimm, however, who invented the fairy tale that Wilberforce and Clarkson accomplished the liberation of Britain's slaves. With these two heroic names will be for ever associated that of Clapham, and the "Clapham sect." Sects may perish, while ideals remain; yet it was in Clapham that a plumber, cycling home in the small hours of this morning, was knocked down by a large touring car and was removed to hospital unconscious. At the moment of the impact he was actually walking; but we understand that to wheel a bicycle is "technically" equivalent to riding one. It is, of course, unlikely that a humble railway porter would be permitted to arrive at his work an hour late each morning on the plea that he was "technically" punctual, having wheeled his bicycle the five miles from his home instead of riding it. Fairy tales are not universally applicable, even in a law-court under a capitalist regime.

Unfortunately our friend's lamp went out just before the car struck him, though it bears the name of a firm which recently declared a bonus of fifty per cent. The capitalist system having failed to produce reliable lamps, expensive cars flaunt their luxury on the roads which the workers frequent only at peril of their lives. No worker is safe until the profit on these lamps is controlled by those whose bicycles they serve, and until the costliest car is used by those who build, varnish, and upholster it. In other words, the whole machinery of Production, Distribution and Exchange must be nationalized. Let the Clapham plumber take courage! At the whole Capitalist system he dealt a resounding blow this morning. Like the car that struck him, it may continue its erratic course for a time, but the next hill will reveal the mortal wound it has received. Fairy tales may prevail for a night. Gathering beneath the star of Truth, let us confidently await the dawn.

JOHN GAUVAIN

BACK NUMBERS—LXIV

IN common with every other literary periodical in the country, the SATURDAY has always been friendly to 'Everyman's Library,' but I do not recall any attempt by this paper to deal with the series as a whole. Even now the attempt would be premature, for the Library is still growing. With a justifiable pride Mr. Ernest Rhys and Messrs. Dent have just celebrated the appearance of the 812th volume; more are to come; it is a living and developing thing, and nothing could be less appropriate than compliments in a vein of necrological eulogy. But I am moved by the celebrations, in which many distinguished authors have joined, to say something of the series, noting, among other things, the fluctuations in the repute of some of the writers included in these reprints.

* *

But first, since these are personal papers, I should like to pay tribute to earlier work by the Editor of 'Everyman' in association with the same firm of publishers. I would recall particularly two pretty little volumes in which a then very young reader, tumbling about excitedly among the incalculable treasures of our literature, discovering a masterpiece every other day, first acquainted himself with the poetry of Sidney and of Herrick, whom he had before that read only in anthology snippets. But Mr. Rhys had been at work long before that. For forty years he has been instrumental in giving the ordinary public reprints which, not always perfect, have been of immense value to the cause of the finest—one might almost say, the only—true educational work done in this country during the period.

* *

But to come to the contents of the Library. Apart from certain defects in a few of the volumes which it would be petty to mention, my only complaint about this wonderful series is that, in some departments, its producers have been too anxious for completeness and not anxious enough about literary quality. Take biography. Obviously, it is much to be wished that every great figure in history should have found a competent, if not an inspired, biographer; obviously, a good many of such figures never have. 'Everyman' very properly offers us Boswell's Johnson, Southey's Nelson, Lockhart's Scott, together with some classical autobiographies; and then it gives us Trotter's Warren Hastings, which, though sound and readable, is hardly fine literature, Gleig's unsatisfactory life of Wellington, and so forth. Again, in the desire to meet the founder's requirement, a library of fiction covering the whole field of history, 'Everyman' has included books which are far from attaining the first or even the second rank. But these are defects from the point of view of the merely æsthetic person like myself: they may very well be recommendations to everyman, to whom, after all, the Library is addressed.

* *

Time was when, urged by the late Lord Avebury, people made lists of "the hundred best books." Astonishing lists they were, for the most part, suggesting that quite normal people should nourish themselves on the dreary religious books of the Orient, Comte, and what not, to the exclusion of some of the finest poetry and prose in the world. But here, in 'Everyman,' we have, if not quite the world's 812 best books, at least seven hundred of the best, and at the lowest possible price. The choice has been by no means conventional. To take instances at random, as they come

up in memory, it was a wise move to include Castiglione's 'Courtier,' a book which had not only an immense influence on the Elizabethans, but which really established among us that ideal of "the gentleman" towards the realization of which our public schools have ever since striven. Again, it was wise to include Colley Cibber's 'Apology,' a book which must make every reader friendly towards its author. It was intelligent to fill out the volume of Gray's poems with his letters: Gray should always be presented, not as simply a poet, but as a man of letters; and never, never, should there be published a volume in which Gray and Collins are put together, for Collins, given a reader of sensitive mind, destroys Gray.

* *

Turn to other poets. There is no reason at all why Adelaide Anne Procter should have been included, and I must regret the absence of Hartley Coleridge, Beddoes and Darley, to mention only these. But this section, despite a good Shelley and the recently added Blake and one good anthology, is perhaps the least satisfactory of all. The fiction, if here and there too generously inclusive, comes near to constituting a collection of the available best, and the Balzac's, with the most admirable Introductions by Mr. George Saintsbury, are a great joy. In Essays and Belles Lettres—why does the latter term persist?—there is scarcely anything to criticize. "This is the book on which all modern literary criticism is founded," says the prospectus, very justly, of Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria'; the description is a guarantee of judicious choice. But I will, without complaint, and with much respect, present Mr. Rhys with two suggestions. Perhaps one must not call utterly ignored things landmarks, but there are two such things which, for the very few who know them, stand out startlingly in a general view of English literary criticism. One is Maurice Morgann's divining essay on Falstaff; the other, in uselessly proclaiming the merits of which I have worn away more than one nib, is Young's pamphlet on 'Original Composition,' with its truly witty argument that the less we imitate the ancients the more we shall resemble them. Let him collect these, and other neglected manifestos, into a volume of 'Everyman.' Morgann's insight into the creative energy of Shakespeare's mind has never been surpassed; the Young of the pamphlet will amaze those who know him only as the somewhat pompous poet of the 'Night Thoughts'; and the two together would very usefully correct false ideas about eighteenth-century criticism. Whatever the general temper of that age, there were in it men sensitive to romantic art, critical of pseudo-classical ideals.

* *

But it is more than time to say something of the general policy of those who have produced 'Everyman.' When a beginning was made, with fifty volumes, in 1906, there was nothing very significant in the sound enough choice of contents; but presently it appeared that fiction was to have the largest section, and, to consider things more broadly, that the Editor and the publishers intended to maintain respect for the evolution of literary forms. Then it became apparent that philosophy and theology were to receive rather more attention than had usually been given them in series of reprints, Plato, Spinoza, Berkeley, Swedenborg, Newman being speedily drawn upon. Oratory was another not altogether expected section. And, lastly, it was shown that the classics of the nursery were not going to be neglected. Such in part was the programme, now so nearly carried out; but a great deal of material remains, Mr. Rhys is happily not *functus officio*, and 'Everyman' has a future as well as a past.

STET.

REVIEWS

RULERS OF THE ARABS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Life and Times of 'Ali Ibn 'Isa. By Harold Bowen. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia: His People and His Land. By Ameen Rihani. Constable. 21s.

THE world has grown accustomed to expect from Arabia something uncomfortable, something that will defeat all calculations, and therefore takes an interest in the affairs of that not very inviting peninsula which is not easily discouraged. The expert Arabists, however, do their utmost to discourage it. Have any scholars, since the world began, entertained for one another a contempt so withering as these? Arabia remains a dark and largely unexplored country. No one knows the whole of it, and it may be doubted whether anyone knows any great part of it thoroughly. This leaves room for dissensions. But, should this cause fail, it is always possible for them to fall out about spelling, and they usually do. Mr. Ameen Rihani is delicately disdainful in his explanation, promising to be, with some exceptions, "as scientific as the Royal Geographical Society," but not unreasonable in his practice. Mr. Bowen is solemn in his explanation and to my mind irritatingly pedantic in his practice. He uses more accents, inverted commas, and dotted letters than I can enumerate to indicate Arabic sounds which do not occur in English. Mr. T. E. Lawrence has remarked:

Arabic names won't go into English exactly, for their consonants are not the same as ours, and their vowels, like ours, vary from district to district. There are some "scientific systems" of transliteration, helpful to people who know enough Arabic not to need helping, but a wash-out for the world.

This appears to me to be common sense, and I cannot imagine what it profits Mr. Bowen to scatter his pages, which are already a little overcrowded with unfamiliar names, with dotted letters and diacritical marks. These have no significance for the uninstructed reader, save in so far as they confuse him and make him uncomfortable. The scholar's jealous sense of accuracy could be satisfied in another way.

Mr. Rihani's book is from some points of view one of the most interesting that have yet appeared on modern Arabia. He is, we gather from casual asides in the course of his narrative, an Arabic-speaking Syrian, a Christian and of American nationality. This position gives him undoubted advantages both in making inquiries and in forming a judgment. It is not to be supposed that he could move among the Arabs of Najd as one of themselves. Ibn Saud seems, though not explicitly, to have looked on him principally as an American, but an American who might be expected to understand the problems of the East. And in this the King of Najd displayed the shrewdness which is one of his chief qualities. Mr. Rihani is naturally without the prejudices engendered in those Europeans who have to deal with the problems of the Middle East. He is without the old grudges and present fears of the natives of that complicated area. And he does not suffer from the ordinary American's innocent remoteness from all those problems, grudges, and fears. A certain prejudice against Great Britain he seems to have. Permission to visit Ibn Saud was not given him without long and rather wearisome deliberation, though he perambulates about the field of his grievances against the British administration with so delicately catlike a tread that it is a little difficult to find out precisely what it is he complains of. That prejudice is, perhaps, mainly American. So too, in great degree, must be his evident desire

for a great Mohammedan empire in Arabia under Ibn Saud. It is highly unlikely that his Christian forebears in Syria would have looked forward to that possibility with the same enthusiasm.

But what makes him valuable as an observer and a reporter is his curious but unmistakable ability to find the things of the East both strange and familiar—strange enough to call out the full powers of his observation, familiar enough not to be confusing. For Ibn Saud he has an admiration not exceeded by that entertained by Mr. Lawrence for King Faisal. He admires his personality, his aims, the statecraft he employs to achieve them. This picture of the kingdom of Najd is lively and verisimilitudinous. The king is everywhere and governs by a sort of shrewd household wisdom, as do the great men under him. Thus Mr. Rihani describes how the Governor of Al-Hasa, the king's cousin, having convicted his own son of having insulted and struck a bedouin, himself carried out the sentence of flogging in public.

What Mr. Rihani does not convince one of is that this sort of paternalism can ever be extended beyond certain quite definite limits or that there is much chance for the man who has extended it to these limits to found a system which will long survive him. There can be no doubt that Ibn Saud is a man of very great ability and even greater force of character. But many of the troubles between him and the government are due to the fact that he cannot completely control the outlying tribes, and if he dies the fanatical religion on which his power is based and which at present he firmly moderates may blow his kingdom to pieces.

It is rather a pity that Mr. Rihani does not tell us more about the faith of the Wahabis. It appears to be a sort of Puritan reformation of abuses which have crept into the practice of Islam. It forbids not only the use of strong drink but also smoking and even singing. In the theological field, it is principally concerned with preventing the association of any other name, even that of the Prophet, with the name of Allah. So far as theology goes the king and all his followers seem to be perfectly sound Wahabis. But, according to Mr. Rihani, the sterner rules of conduct are not observed with any great consistency outside the quarter of Ar-Riyadh, where the Ulema live. Some light on this state of affairs may, perhaps, be derived from Mr. Bowen's reference to "the indifference, common among the Arabs of the desert, to religion in general—the unbelief cursed by the Prophet—an indifference that continued to distinguish the majority of Arab converts from the minority, the Zealots, chiefly town-settled." This rather contradicts conventional notions of fierce creeds issuing from the deserts where man is alone with God, but it seems to be true. The Prophet gave the Arabs a banner under which they could go forth to conquest and rapine, and he had those peculiar qualities which are necessary to hold them together in a joint enterprise. The same things are true, if in a lesser degree, of Wahabism and Ibn Saud. But the Arab cares more for conquest and rapine than for religion or for any form of ordered and permanent government.

Mr. Bowen's book convincingly shows the disorder into which the Caliphate had arrived within three centuries of the death of Mohammed. His hero is one of the last of those Viziers to whom full power was delegated by their masters. Twice was Ali Ibn Isa deposed from the Vizierate and he never attained his ambition of putting order into the finances. Order was indeed the most hopeless of projects. The Caliphs had not enough continuity of purpose to keep one minister long in power. Indeed a change in the Vizierate not infrequently arose with some ingenious gentleman who put before the Caliph a business proposition showing that a handsome profit could be made out of the resulting confiscations.

Even so, it is probable that things would have been much worse if the Arabs had had to depend on them-

selves for the administration of their dominions. Ali came of a Persian family which had been converted from Zoroastrianism to Islam and he bears a recognizable resemblance to what we should now call a Civil Servant—sometimes to what we should call a Civil Servant in the worse sense of the term. Thus, he once instituted an inquiry into the quality of the barley supplied to the royal ducks and, after earnest researches, decided that the best barley was not necessary and that spoilt grain would do. An ill-wisher, by means of a calculation based on the Vizier's salary, showed that he had wasted more in time than he had saved in barley, but Ali remained content. The effect on the ducks is not recorded.

One of his principal qualifications for his post was that he had such skill in writing that he could compose a legible despatch standing in the Caliph's presence and holding his pen-case in one hand. He thus avoided the employment of an amanuensis such as was required by his great rival Ibn al-Furat and so the sharing with any other of important State secrets. He is said at one time and another to have written more than thirty thousand State despatches. This may increase one's respect for Ali—it certainly weighed with his contemporaries—but it throws a damaging light on governmental methods at Baghdad. He was a painstaking official, a cultured scholar and a good man, but he could not have been expected to rule the Moslem world with any success.

He had, it is interesting to note, his own Wahhabis to deal with—that is to say, a new Arab sect impelled by a creed of their own but forcing themselves chiefly by "massacre and pillage" on the attention of the rest of the world. These were the Carmathians who derived from Neo-Platonic philosophy a doctrine of the Eternal Return resembling that held by Nietzsche and one of the characters in 'Mr. Midshipman Easy.' It sounds a not unpeaceful creed, but the connexion between its tenets and robbing the caravans which bore the pilgrimage to the Holy Places was quite clear to the religious mind of Arabia Deserta.

From this one's thoughts return naturally to Ibn Saud and more especially to the admirable portrait of him which serves as a frontispiece to Mr. Rihani's book. I mean no disrespect to the King of Najd when I say that it is impossible to contemplate this photograph without a smile. It is all amiability. Everything in it—save the beard—the head-dress, the flowing robes, the round spectacles, the smile, the attitude, is suggestive of a maiden aunt in the days when maiden aunts were quite content with their status and did not even write novels about it. Nothing less like a fiery warrior of the desert was ever seen and one is even astonished to remember that Ibn Saud is reckoned a good judge of a camel. The East is no doubt mysterious to Europeans, but the mystery that we spend so much emotional energy in trying to penetrate is probably one of our own invention.

A REBELLIOUS PURITAN

The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By Lloyd Morris. Constable. 16s.

MR. LLOYD MORRIS has written a sympathetic and sensitive biography which, the publisher informs us, is the first complete and intimate study of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The account of the Puritan rebellion against his bleak environment is given without over-emphasis and is extremely well done. As a picture of the time no less than as a portrait of Hawthorne the book deserves to be read, and as it is extremely readable it no doubt will be. Till middle life, when he scored his first big success with the publication of 'The Scarlet Letter,' Hawthorne led an

existence which was for the most part sombre and frequently distressing. In one of his early and forgotten books he drew a portrait of himself in early manhood:

I was a youth of gay and happy temperament, with an incorrigible levity of spirit, of no vicious propensities, sensible enough, but wayward and fanciful. What a character was this to be brought in contact with the stern old Pilgrim spirit of my guardian! We were at variance upon a thousand points; but our chief and final dispute arose from the pertinacity with which he insisted on my adopting a particular profession; while I, being heir to a moderate competence, had avowed my purpose of keeping aloof from the regular business of life. This would have been a dangerous resolution anywhere in the world. It was fatal in New England.

When speculating about the profession he should adopt he wrote to his mother with an admirable clarity: "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister to live by their sins, nor a lawyer and live by their quarrels. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author." But he was in no hurry to begin. After his return from college he spent some years in doing, to outward view, nothing in particular. For long hours he would remain locked in his room and emerge for solitary walks or disreputable drinking parties. Tough uncles pressed him to realize the need of remunerative occupation and he succeeded in placing a few stories in magazines but, as Mr. Lloyd Morris gently puts it, he "succeeded only in remaining unknown."

The need of regular remuneration induced him to undertake for a time the most terrible kind of hack-work. He became editor of 'The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,' an unimportant monthly of miscellaneous information. The annual salary was five hundred dollars and the editor was expected to write the whole of every issue. He resigned when the illustrations became unendurably deplorable. Other work equally dreadful followed. For a hundred dollars he compiled 'Peter Parley's Universal History on the Basis of Geography.' It is with relief that we read that an offer of three hundred dollars to write a similar volume on "the manners, customs and civilities of all countries" was declined.

This kind of life naturally made Hawthorne extremely dejected. The New England of his day was not fitted to appease dejection:

New England in the early days of "culture," with its solemn conversation and bleak effort to stimulate social intercourse! For the radically emancipated conscience recreation was a serious pursuit, and culture, especially in leisure moments, an exacting obligation. There existed a widespread desire to know and appreciate art which, like a gnarled apple tree in rocky soil, flourished in spite of deficient nourishment. There existed an optimistic belief in the value of unhindered speculation, of individual experience and opinion, together with a reluctance to examine their pronouncements too critically. Introspection, always a resource of the lonely mind in a monotonous society, had become a commendable enterprise.

Hawthorne sought a refuge from incurable loneliness in marriage. He fell in love with a confirmed invalid, whose health, however, happily changed for the better. But his courtship introduced him to the hardly more inviting air of New England Transcendentalism. He became involved in a projected Utopia for advanced thinkers, Brook Farm, which he managed to endure for a year. He described it as a "polar Paradise." Its ideals prompted him to moral and metaphysical reflections. Is perception of change the only certainty? Is sin the ultimate instrument of perfectibility? He believed there was no final solution of these problems. All one could do was to perceive them clearly and observe life closely. But they might appear in an exciting form. May not the soul be saved through what appears to be sin?

'The Scarlet Letter' perhaps expressed his attitude best. In Mr. Lloyd Morris's words: "Although superficially an historical romance of Puritan times, actually it was an inexorably realistic study of the world as it is, in which Nathaniel had justified the self-reliant individual, and expressed his contempt for

the society which hedges that individual about with conventions devoid of spiritual validity."

Hawthorne's life both before and after the publication of this book was varied by occupation of official posts in the Customs and in the Consular Service. For five years he was consul at Liverpool—not the last man of letters to hold the post. But he managed quickly to follow up the success of 'The Scarlet Letter' by publishing 'The House of the Seven Gables' which Mr. Lloyd Morris terms Hawthorne's valedictory to his past: "Into this book he put his memories of childhood and youth; he drew upon his family legend of ancestral curse and vanished deeds for its plot; in its theme he studied the perpetuation of the past in the present as environment and inheritance." The novel gives a pessimistic version of his friend Emerson's doctrine of compensation; and Hawthorne's meaning was that the innocent are sometimes the injured.

Literary success made European travel and English literary society a possibility. He seems to have been extraordinarily impressed by Rome. "No place," he wrote, "ever took so strong a hold of my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar." In London he met the Brownings, Macaulay, Lord Lansdowne, and Ticknor, the American historian, at one of Monckton Milnes's famous breakfast parties. They discussed spiritualism, the theories of Miss Delia Bacon, the Shakespearean monomaniac, and American subjects. It was a memorable occasion in more senses than one, for Macaulay spoke little.

On his return to America Hawthorne's health declined; he did little writing, and he died in 1864 of the shock caused by the sudden death of his publisher. An estimate of Hawthorne as a writer is no part of the purpose of Mr. Lloyd Morris's attractive book. But he helps us to understand better how it came about that the rebellious Puritan remained to the last very much a Puritan.

GEORGE III AND LORD NORTH

The Correspondence of King George III.
Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue.
Vols. III. and IV. Macmillan. 50s.

THE second instalment of George III's papers, covering the period July, 1773, to the end of the year 1779, appears with pleasing promptitude. With the issue of the two concluding volumes we shall be well equipped for formulating a more detailed and decisive view of the royal intervention in politics than has been possible hitherto. The reflection prompted by the material contained in the present volumes is that clearly the continuance of a system in which the king descended into the political arena must in time have proved fatal to the institution of monarchy in this country. From a constitutional point of view the papers dealing with the relations between the king and Lord North are by far the most important in these volumes, and they indicate an almost incredible state of affairs. Time after time North begs to be allowed to resign. George III as frequently insists, usually with reference to his own "honour," that the minister shall do nothing of the kind.

As an example of what was continually happening, the following passage from a letter of Lord North to the king, dated November 10, 1778, may be quoted:

Lord North, upon the positive injunctions of his Majesty, remains in a situation for which he was never fit, and for which he is now less fit than ever, but he can never pretend to like it, or hold any other language than his wish of retiring. He has already declared to his Majesty, and thinks himself obliged in conscience to repeat the declaration, that he considers his continuance in government in his present station as highly prejudicial to His Majesty's affairs, and, therefore, he intreats his Majesty to continue his search after a better arrangement.

Not content with this declaration, North proceeds to argue the point in detail. He continues:

There are two points, which Lord North has the honour of submitting to his Majesty's consideration, and which he conceives very important for the government of this country.

The first is, That the Public business can never go on as it ought, while the Principal and most efficient offices are in the hands of persons who are either indifferent to, or actually dislike, their situation.

The second is, That in critical times, it is necessary that there should be one directing Minister, who should plan the whole of the operations of government, and control all the other departments of administration so far as to make them co-operate zealously and actively with his designs even tho' contrary to their own.

Lord North conceives these two rules to be wise and true, and therefore, thinks it his duty to submit the expediency of his Majesty's removing him as soon as he can, because he is certainly not capable of being such a minister as he has described, and he can never like a situation which he has most perfectly disliked even in much better and easier times.

Language could certainly not be plainer. George III's reply, written two hours later in his own hand, is merely the following:

On coming this instant home, I have found Lord North's box containing a letter that is certainly filled with sentiments of affection to my person though in other respects not very agreeable to my wishes. He cannot be surprised that engaged in many difficulties, and an opposition to government formed of Men that if they could succeed would restrain no one of the absurd ideas they have sported, I think the duty and personal honour of those in public Station must prompt them with zeal to make every effort to assist me who have unreservedly Supported them.

Taking the correspondence as a whole, North presents a weak and almost pathetic figure.

These papers also show George III's attitude to Chatham and Charles James Fox. Chatham he refers to as "that perfidious man." Of Fox he writes: "That young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honour and honesty that he must become as contemptible as he is odious," and when Fox opposed religious tests his action was criticized in these terms: "His conduct cannot be attributed to conscience, but to his aversion to all restraints."

In his introductions to these volumes Sir John Fortescue, who evidently shares George III's dislike of Fox, is concerned to argue that the Whigs had as great a responsibility in regard to the American question as the King. No one can deny that Parliament was originally responsible, and this remains true even if we accept Sir John Fortescue's emphasis on the grievance constituted by the Acts of Trade and Navigation. But to make the issue one of Parliamentary sovereignty does not really alter it. In recent years there has been a tendency among historians on both sides of the Atlantic to view the American revolution in a rather different perspective from that common to most nineteenth-century writers. In some respects this has made it possible to see the question in juster proportions. But in the United States as well as if not more so than in this country there has been a tendency to forget that in the American revolution the Americans had, after all, a case. The editor of these papers well says that the ultimate issue was one of ideas. As another writer has pointed out, according to the ideas then accepted it had been decided that Parliament could make laws oppressive and injurious to the subject. This was true in England, and in Ireland, as well as in America in the eighteenth century. By championing the contrary notion the Americans made a revolution.

¶ Winners of the Acrostic Competitions are reminded that (a) books mentioned only in 'New Books at a Glance' and (b) books published by firms other than those whose names appear on the coupon are not available as prizes.

¶ Competitors in both the Literary and Acrostic Competitions, are again reminded that solutions which arrive later than the time stated in the rules are automatically disqualified.

BIRD-MIND

Birds at the Nest. By Douglas Dewar. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

AS a commentator on current views of bird life, Mr. Dewar is generally worth reading. His criticisms have a wide experience behind them, and he is never tired of exposing fallacies which go on being repeated almost unchallenged from generation to generation. His insight into the workings of nature is remarkably keen, and if his disposition to pull to pieces the theories of others rather than to formulate his own is sometimes pushed irritatingly far, his services to ornithology are, in spite of that, considerable. No one could manipulate such a hose-pipe of destructive criticism without taking up a very positive standpoint, and the view of nature implicit in his writings is one of the most defensible.

In style and in form he is full of blemishes; he seems simply to choose his theme and collect all the texts he can find which bear upon it, without the slightest discrimination, giving dozens of observations of all degrees of value where two or three well-chosen examples would have sufficed. His references are often careless; he is not incapable of citing a single work by its real title and by an imaginary one of his own on the same page, as for instance Montagu's 'Ornithological Dictionary,' on p. 256. His searching criticisms are usually well founded, and he disposes of myths like the "injury-feigning instinct" so adequately that if we did not know from experience their supernatural powers of recovery after such demolition we should believe that he had scotched them for ever.

Certainly no one ought to write upon subjects involving bird-mind without being aware of the criticisms to which many widely-held assumptions are exposed; and there is no better guide to the fallacies to be avoided than Mr. Dewar. He heavily discounts the intelligence which ornithologists have been apt to discover where it does not really exist; sometimes he goes rather too far, as in treating the ejection of its nest-fellows by a young cuckoo as "one might almost say a reflex act" in a purely physical sense. As Canon Raven has recently shown in his 'Ramblings of a Bird Lover,' this idea has been considerably overdone; at least there is a psychological as well as a physical irritation, felt irrespective of actual contact so long as others remain in the nest. Mr. Dewar likes to explain bird behaviour as far as possible on a basis of conditioned reflexes; he shows that many acts put down to parental affection actually represent the simple satisfaction of instincts, as when the open bill and shrill clamour of the nestling impel the adults to go and seek food for it. While there is no doubt that this attitude is substantially true, there is something fundamentally wrong with the attempt to place all bird behaviour of this sort on the side of the fence labelled "Instinct," and all human behaviour on the side labelled "Reason," or "Affection." It does not need much thought to realize that we at least have frequently to leap the fence for our elementary motives, and there is no clear reason why birds should not sometimes leap it the other way for their higher ones. Although Mr. Dewar is not guilty of any separation so crude as that, he does give the impression of under-rating an aspect of bird-mind which no one familiar with the work of Julian Huxley and Edmund Selous can overlook.

Considering the time he is able to devote to ransacking for data obscure periodicals and even the files of newspapers, it seems a pity that Mr. Dewar, who sees so clearly what needs to be done in the way of experimental work, does not give us more satisfying observations of his own, for, as his compilation definitely shows, no real conclusions can be arrived at until the volume of relevant data is greatly increased.

SEA-DOGS

The Sea Devil. By Lowell Thomas. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

From Three Yachts. By Conor O'Brien. Arnold. 10s. 6d.

MR. LOWELL THOMAS, who has already written an interesting account of 'Lawrence of Arabia,' finds his German counterpart in Count Felix von Luckner, the German naval officer who ran the blockade in a sailing ship and made the name of the *Seeadler* disagreeably famous in the earlier months of 1917. After an introductory chapter, the story is told in Count von Luckner's graphic language—much as the yarn of Loudon Dodd was written down by R. L. Stevenson. It is an uncommonly stirring story, which we read with none the less pleasure because Count von Luckner prides himself on his reputation for "disrupting Allied shipping without ever having taken a human life or so much as drowning a ship's cat." The narrative of his early adventures—he ran away from home in boyhood because his family insisted on making him a Prussian cavalry officer and he had "the tang of the sea" in his blood from some old Viking ancestor—is perhaps the most fascinating part of the book. He became a thorough sailorman; "one shouldn't ever have to sink a sailing ship," he groans. But it was his fate to sink many, because he was the only officer in the German navy who had served "in sail," and was therefore selected for the perilous adventure of taking an American clipper, the *Pass of Balmaha*, rechristened the *Seeadler*, through the blockade which hardly any steamer could elude.

The account of the extremely thorough-going camouflage of this vessel as a Norwegian neutral, complete with photographs of Norwegian sweethearts and even a sham skipper's wife, perfect except for his large flat feet, is highly amusing. Even more so is the account of the way in which the captains and crews of the captured ships were packed on board the most commodious prizes for later return to their own ports, and of the curious jealousies and complications which sometimes arose among the prisoners. Count von Luckner seems to have enjoyed every moment of his adventurous

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year, and his thorough sportsmanship entitled him to enjoy it.

Mr. O'Brien is also a sea-dog of the most genuine type, though, except for a rather uneventful excursion into Irish gun-running, his struggles were mainly with what Mr. Micawber called "the elephants." Many good books have been written about the delights and terrors of single-handed sailing, but they contain few pages more fascinating than Mr. O'Brien's narrative of *Kelpie's* last cruise. His style is admirably adapted to a subject which any tendency to diffuseness or fine writing makes at once intolerably wearisome. The story of the building of *Ilen* and her maiden voyage out to the Falkland Islands would deservedly hold a place in a modern Hakluyt, if there were any market for such a work. It is the cruises of such men as Mr. O'Brien that recall, as far as is possible in these days of steam, the difficulties with which the Elizabethan voyagers had to contend. The freshness of the early world still breathes from such pages, though perhaps only practical yachtsmen can read all the meaning that lies between the lines.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Etched in Moonlight. By James Stephens. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Suburban Young Man. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

My Heart and My Flesh. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Salt Horse. By Arthur Mason. Cape. 7s. 6d.

THE quality of Mr. James Stephens's writing is so obviously distinguished, his work has such plain claims to be considered as literature, that it is disappointing to find oneself thoroughly enjoying only three of the seven stories in 'Etched in Moonlight'—'Desire,' 'Schoolfellows' and 'The Boss.' Let me say at once that these are etched on some substance solidier than moonlight—they are in fact the most "obvious" stories in the collection and it is easy to find an epithet or epithets to describe them: the first is grim, the second humorous, the last subtle and human. It is pleasant to come across such sentences as "One cannot be utterly silent unless one is dead, and then possibly one makes a crackle with one's bones," or, "It is a rule of the game that the other person's pride must do one fair half of the evil which you meditate against him"; or, "To one unused to the discipline and use of will there is but one approach to it, and it is through anger. The first experience of willing is brutal, and it is as though a weapon of offence, a spear or club, were in one's hand."

There are many other reflections equally well put, but few that have this direct bearing upon life. The long story, 'Etched in Moonlight,' with its almost Puvian suggestions of strangeness and horror, will certainly appeal to some, and among those one wistfully desires to be numbered; but despite its greater volume it strikes a thinner note than the three I have mentioned. It seems to use phantasy and symbol for their own sakes; the idea that underlies it is not strong enough to penetrate to its filmy extremities, which make graceful but undecipherable movements against the darkness. To my sensual ear, at any rate, this particular ditty of Mr. Stephens lacks tone. But the whole book, I need hardly say, is one not to be missed by lovers of literature, for unlike so many of its contemporaries, it has the bearing and manner of art.

Miss Delafield's work makes no pretence to being literature. She writes as though she were knocking in lesser and larger nails: more often than not she hits the nail on the head, scoring a small independent success, which the mind gratefully registers; occasionally she bungles the blow, a dull sound follows, and the mind feels itself cheated. She dedicates 'The Suburban Young Man' "to all those nice people who have so often asked me to write a story about Nice People." Reading this one is sensible of disappointment; for the characters that one remembers with most pleasure from Miss Delafield's earlier novels are not the nice ones. We tell ourselves that she will not live up to her promise: but she does. There is only one really disagreeable person in 'The Suburban Young Man'—Norah Jannett. On her Miss Delafield lavishes all the malice that she has piously withheld from the other characters, whether suburban or patrician, and very odious Norah Jannett is. But strangely enough she is not the most vivid figure in the book. In Hope Jannett, the suburban young man's wife, Miss Delafield's power of characterization has excelled itself. She loads the admirable Scotswoman with every mark and trait that might be supposed to indicate a member of the lower middle-class; she puts into her mouth turns of speech so aggravating that at the second repetition they affect the reader's nerves as acutely as if he had heard them all his life. ("Do you wish any more cocoa, Peter?" "Will you be taking cheese, Peter?" "Do you wish another cup of tea, Norah? There's plenty more.") If she hears something that surprises her, she always asks if it is a fact. Altogether, her vocabulary is as tiresome as it can be; and when we recollect how much Miss Delafield usually depends for her effects upon the accuracy of her ear—giving short shrift to those whose habits of speech offend her—we realize how she must have

Jonathan Cape



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SOME LETTERS FROM A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

There is no suggestion in these letters written between 1895-1914 that the writer had access to special sources of information; no Crown documents are drawn upon, no scandal is exploited, no skeleton is dragged from a closet; yet the reader will quickly see that the 'man of no importance' had—through twenty years—much first-hand knowledge of what was going on and was on friendly terms with men and women whose title would be the reverse of the *nom-de-plume* he has adopted.

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disciplined her natural exasperation, and steeled her nerves, when she makes a heroine out of Hope Jannett.

The story tells how Peter Jannett fell in love with Antoinette, a typist, daughter of Lady Rochester and niece of Lord Valerian, and how they settled the sad affair in obedience to the dictates of their eminently nice natures; parallel to theirs and contrasting with it is the love affair between Antoinette's sister, Sheila, and Gerald Benson, both well-born but only fairly nice. The disparity between Peter's and Antoinette's worlds, of which each is acutely conscious, would be a rather blush-making one did not Miss Delafield insist upon it with so much firmness that in the first few chapters the power to blush dies of a surfeit. There are one or two flaws. Being the kind of woman she was, Hope would hardly have admitted having married Peter without loving him. Miss Delafield represents the attachment between Antoinette and Peter as deep and sincere, rather than passionate, thus taking the sting out of their mutual renunciation. And, had she not condemned herself to regard them as "nice," she would, I think, have made ironical play out of those passages in which Peter commends Antoinette for being brave and honest. Beside such minor characters as Lady Rochester and Lord Valerian, Peter and Antoinette seem a little colourless. But the book as a whole is conspicuously a success.

It is a far cry to the characters depicted by Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts; they are totally different, both in heart and in flesh. Of connected narrative she gives us almost none; her habit of calling married women Miss ("Theodosia Bell, Miss Charlotte's daughter") is confusing and leaves one in doubt as to the exact status of the heroine; while the curious mixture of impressionism and mysticism that she imposes upon the American scene is so hypnotic that for many pages I understood Betty Hawthorne to be a woman, and puzzled myself as to why she should have a calf. But so inward is Miss Roberts's vision that ordinary distinctions are dimmed and women seem hardly different from cows. 'My Heart and My Flesh' is a strange book. One cannot deny to it general emotional beauties and particular verbal felicities; but it is full of hard stuff:

Lady bug, when you hear a Katydid, it's then six weeks till frost. . . .

The high bed leaped at her unpleasantly and receded suddenly into diminished perceptions as she spread the sheets and quilts over it to prepare it for occupation. It funneled down suddenly into a very small object, a familiar pattern, a bed, when she focused her attention upon it, but left uncentered it bulged suddenly to unapprehended proportions, divided, proportion at war with proportion and quality. She . . . lay in the bed.

One wonders how she could. Then there are those familiar catalogues, which the mind is supposed to rehearse to itself in vacant moments:

Percentage of shrinkage in corn . . . Mineral mixture for hogs . . . Worms in hogs . . . Internal parasites in sheep . . . Grub-in-head, lung-worm, tape-worm, nodular disease, stomach worms. . . . Drenchings. . . . Three ounce doses of one per cent. copper sulphate solution given three days in succession. . . .

Sometimes in the dialogue there is a burst of lucidity, suggesting the simplicity of Mr. Sherwood Anderson:

You can't tell. A man lives a long time.
Goes through a heap from first to last.

So will the pertinacious reader of 'My Heart and My Flesh.' Miss Roberts's acute intelligence is masked by the odd forms in which it seeks expression.

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BEDFORD STREET LONDON W.C.2

SHORTER NOTICES

The English Navy in the Revolution of 1688. By E. B. Powley. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THERE was a conspiracy against James in the Navy as well as in the Army in 1688, but this was not the chief cause of the success of William of Orange's landing. As is shown in this very careful piece of research, to which Lord Jellicoe contributes a foreword, the main reason the English fleet did not intercept the Dutch was the unfavourable wind and tide. Burnet was so much impressed by this chance that he ascribed it to an interposition of Providence, and his first words to the Prince of Orange on landing were to ask what he thought of Predestination now. In addition to the wind and tide must be added the choice of the Gunfleet Buoy as the original base anchorage of the British Fleet and to some extent (though Mr. Powley does not believe that this was a mistake) sedition.

Contrary winds continued to prevail and to prevent action. To William's first offer of continuance in command of the fleet if he would go over to the Prince's cause Dartmouth gave a refusal. But after the receipt of news that James had not only sent the Queen and the Prince of Wales to France but had himself taken to flight, Dartmouth accepted Orange's further invitation to surrender the fleet. He had previously refused to comply with James's wishes in regard to sending abroad the young Prince on the ground that he owed obedience to the King according to law rather than to his Majesty personally. With the capitulation, the part, such as it was, played by the Navy in the revolution of 1688 was at an end.

Romance of the Sun. By Mary Proctor. Harper. 7s. 6d.

MANY readers of 'Guy Mannering' must have wondered what was the "mirk Monanday" mentioned in the account of Mr. Bertram's family history. The ordinary books of reference are not very helpful in these matters, but Miss Proctor tells us that the expression referred to the solar eclipse of 1652—it was on Monday, March 29—just as the day of the eclipse of 1598 was long afterwards remembered in England as Black Saturday. We are more sophisticated nowadays, and last year's eclipse has left no such blot on the language. Miss Proctor has inherited much of her distinguished father's ability in popularizing the myths and marvels of astronomy, and her new book gives a clear and accurate description of the chief facts relating to the sun.

Louis XIV. By C. S. Forester. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

MR. FORESTER has written a very entertaining biography of Louis the Great, in which he does substantial justice alike to that magnificent sovereign and to the theory of kingship which reached its zenith in him and its nadir in his two successors. The chapter on Etiquette is an admirable example of Mr. Forester's faculty for humorous and at the same time critical exposition. It is almost incredible to modern readers that any human being, at the summit of absolute power, could have deliberately chosen to live such a life of monotonous formality as is here described. "Every day for fifty odd years without a break he dressed, dined, supped, undressed, and performed every other action of his life in accordance with a rigid routine and under the eyes of a crowd of people. Anyone whose mental condition was not of Louis's peculiar kind could not have endured it." Mr. Forester does ample justice to the Grand Monarque's real greatness, shown especially in the courage with which he made head against the cumulated misfortunes of his later years, and draws a life-like picture of the gay and sumptuous society which worshipped him. It was, by the way, not Warren Hastings but Clive who stood astonished at his own moderation.

Cruising Hints. By Francis B. Cooke. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

IF a novice were to pick up this volume and read it from beginning to end he would not only be fired with the desire to own a small "week-end-cruiser" yacht himself, but he would know how to find one, where to keep it, what to do with it and, most important of all, how much it would cost. 'Cruising Hints' gives more than its title leads one to expect. Mr. Francis Cooke, himself a well-known East Coast yachtsman, goes into the matter of buying and sailing very thoroughly.

A small yacht can be purchased for as little as £60 or £70 and its maintenance costs even less than that of a two-seater car. The author discusses all the yachting centres within easy reach of London—he assumes that his readers are mostly Londoners—and their suitability as headquarters; he gives valuable information concerning the equipment and care of a small yacht, and has many useful ideas for cabin fittings. A discussion on the installation of an auxiliary motor, with diagrams, is followed by a useful chapter on yacht insurance. Six chapters are devoted to seamanship and handling of the craft, all of which the novice would do well to read, for the advice is practical and sound. The book is profusely illustrated with drawings, and the plans at the end, of four well-known small cruising yachts, are a particularly useful feature.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 313

A MOUNTAIN NOAH KNEW. A NEIGHBOURING SHEET OF WATER.

1. This hymn uplifted was by pious Anna's daughter.
2. Behead a fish that breeds in little, clear, swift rills.*
3. Such conduct as is his who every hen-bird kills.
4. Clip twice at either end one whose misdeeds must grieve us.
5. Veracious, artless, frank, not seeking to deceive us.
6. Chained to the rock she stands whom love shall soon deliver.
7. Curtail him—swims in ponds, is better in the river.
8. Found on the printed page—you almost see it twinkle.
9. They luckily escaped the deadly aim of Winkle.
10. In this we needs must hold all cruel, barbarous wretches.
11. League upon league they run, those flat and boggy stretches.

* Isaac Walton.

Solution of Acrostic No. 311

- | | | | | |
|----|-------|-------------------|--|-----------|
| E | SPH | S ¹ | 1 The south-east or east wind. | Urus, the |
| N | | Iobe ² | aurochs or mountain bull. | |
| O | xfo | Rd | 2 See Ovid's <i>Metamorphoses</i> , vi. 4. | |
| C | ooin | G ³ | 3 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn, | |
| kH | | An | The moan of doves in immemorial elms, | |
| A | rsena | L | And murmuring of innumerable bees. | |
| R | eyas | A | —Tennyson, <i>The Princess</i> , vii. | |
| D | roul | H | 4 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began, | |
| E | r | A | A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. | |
| N | imro | D ⁴ | —Pope, <i>Windsor Forest</i> , v. 61. | |

ACROSTIC No. 311.—The winner is Mrs. Maud Crowther, 22 Cunliffe Villas, Bradford, who has chosen as her prize 'Parties of the Play,' by Ivor Brown, published by Benn and reviewed by us on March 3 under the title of 'The Theatre Advancing.' Twelve other competitors named this book, 47 chose 'Portraits of the New Century,' 26 Anthony Hope's 'Memories and Notes,' 16 'Unknown Somerset,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Armada, E. Barrett, Billy, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Brevis, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, W. H. Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Charlotte Apple, Chip, Clam, A. W. Cooke, J. R. Cripps, Crucible, H. L. V. Day, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, Doric, Estela, Eyhil, Falcon, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Glamis, W. E. Groves, Lt.-Col. Sir Wolsey Haig, G. H. Hammond, Hanworth, H. C. M., Iago, W. P. James, J. B., Jeff, J. E. S. C., Jop, Miss Kelly, Kirton, John Lennie, Lilian, Mrs. R. H. Lloyd, Theodore D. Lowe, Madge, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Met, G. W. Miller, H. de R. Morgan, H. Norris, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Parvus, Peter, Plumbago, Pussy, Quis, Rabbits, Rand, R. Ransom, Red Cot, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Sisypheus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Teifi, C. G. Tosswill, R. H. S. Truell, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Charles Watson, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolsey, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, Barberry, R. B. J. Binnie, Bolo, Miss Carter, Dalsiny, M. East, D. D. Lovell, M. I. R., Miss Moore, Perky.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Reginald J. Hope, Lady Mottram, Margaret Owen, Mrs. Waddell, Yewden.

ACROSTIC No. 310.—ONE LIGHT WRONG: Miss Carter. TWO WRONG: G. M. Fowler, Oakapple, C. J. Warden.

W. P. JAMES, J. E. S. C., M. OWEN.—We offer a Quarterly Prize for the greatest number of Lights found. Any book reviewed in our columns during the quarter, priced at not more than two guineas, may be selected. ACROSTIC No. 313 is the third of the twenty-third quarter.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

LAST week I referred to the value of investment trust companies, which have played so big a part lately on the stock markets. This week I draw attention to a different class of holding company, a finance corporation. A finance corporation, although differing widely from an investment trust, runs on parallel lines. A trust company acquires stock which it holds, derives its income from the dividends it receives from its investments, and builds up its reserves from the profits it may make in the form of realized capital appreciation. A finance corporation also acquires blocks of stock which it may hold for dividends, but it can include in its income revenue derived from selling its holdings at a profit. It also may possibly derive part of its income from flotations. Last week attention was drawn to the Friars Investment Trust, this week to the Anglo-Atlantic Corporation. While an investment trust includes in its report a list of its holdings, a finance corporation cannot do this: first because its holdings are of a more temporary nature, and secondly because its income is derived from transactions which are necessarily of a confidential nature. As compared, therefore, with the Friars Investment Trust, the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation's report is a very meagre document, but the results that it has achieved are of an extremely satisfactory nature. The balance-sheet is for the year ended December 31, 1927, and although the present capital of the Corporation amounts to £1,000,000 only £800,000 of this was available during the greater part of the year, the remaining £200,000 of capital only having been raised in November. The profit earned amounted to £282,993, and this figure is arrived at after writing down all unquoted investments to the nominal figure of £1 and adopting the same conservative course with certain other items in the balance-sheet. The directors of the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation must have been tempted to declare a bigger dividend, but they resisted this temptation and preferred to choose the road of really sound finance. They have declared a dividend of 10% on their ordinary and deferred shares, which conservative policy allows them to place £150,000 out of the year's profits to reserves, and enables them to carry forward, subject to income tax and directors' fees, £52,993. They have further transferred £50,000 from share premium account to general reserve, making the total of that account £300,000. Although naturally the shares of a finance corporation cannot be classed in the same category as those of an investment trust, the shares of a finance corporation run on thoroughly sound conservative lines can be classed as an attractive speculative investment, and in view of the report and balance-sheet now to hand of the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation this description can be applied to both its ordinary and its deferred shares.

FILM COMPANIES

There are signs of considerably increased interest in the shares of film companies. The film industry in this country has, thanks to the quota system, been given not merely a new lease of life but the opportunity of developing into a very important industry. At the same time caution must be exercised in the selection of companies in which to invest. Priority of place must be given to the Gaumont Company, whose ordinary shares appear an interesting investment. Of the lower-priced shares, attention is drawn to the British International Pictures Ordinary shares and the New Era Ordinary shares. Both these companies are considered promising propositions:

TURNER AND NEWALL

Recently attention was drawn to the ordinary shares of Turner and Newall. This Company has not yet blossomed forth into one of the recognized industrial market favourites. Its position, however, is deemed to be so sound and its prospects so excellent that attention is again drawn to the Company. Turner and Newall is the largest manufactory in the world of asbestos goods, in addition to which it produces through its subsidiary companies magnesia, various chemical bi-products, etc. It possesses its own asbestos mines in South Africa and is, therefore, assured of a supply of raw material. It is believed that the asbestos industry will continue to expand very considerably and that a purchase of Turner and Newall shares is the best means of participating in this prosperity because it is confidently believed that the management and financial position of the Company are excellent. It is interesting to note that this Company appears to be less dependent than most industrial companies on any particular trade, as the main consumers of asbestos materials are the shipping trade, the electrical-equipment industry and a large number of factories interested in diverse industries. Newall's magnesia and chemicals are also largely used in many industries. For the year ended September last the Company earned approximately 25% on its ordinary shares and increased the distribution which has been 10% for several years to 12½%. It is believed that the current year will produce even better results, as the business is developing very satisfactorily. Here appears to be what so many investors are looking for, a thoroughly sound industrial company run on ultra-conservative lines, the shares of which appear bound to show substantial capital appreciation over a course of years.

DEBENHAMS SECURITIES

An interesting event on the New York Stock Exchange has been recorded this week in the announcement of the first marketing operations of a British security in New York under the recently announced Regulations. The security chosen for what may prove an epoch-making deal is the ordinary shares of Debenhams Securities, Limited. Two very prominent firms of Wall Street Bankers, Goldman Sachs and Co., and Brown Bros. and Co., have acquired a block of over a million of these shares, which will be offered to American investors. This announcement may prove of peculiar interest to readers of these notes, as the position and possibilities of Debenhams Securities was dealt with in detail recently. The result of this transaction has led to an increased demand for Debenhams Securities shares on the London Stock Exchange, and even at the present price these shares appear to possess attractions. It is interesting to note that the deal with New York has been done with the proviso that none of the shares subject to the transaction can be dealt in on the London market for at least three months.

THE PRUDENTIAL

The amazing growth of our big insurance companies can only be appreciated by a careful study of their figures. At the Prudential Assurance Company annual general meeting held recently the Chairman stated that during the year ending December 31 last, the total income of the Company was £39,801,358. Of this total £29,452,345 was the amount collected in premiums, and as consideration for annuities, while £10,349,013 was the total gross interest earned during the year on the Company's investments. The increase in the total income over that of the year 1926 being £1,179,605. These figures speak for themselves. The total amount of the Company's investments is considerably over £200,000,000.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

KEFFI CONSOLIDATED TIN CO.,
LTD., & RAYFIELD (NIGERIA)
TIN FIELDS, LTD.AMALGAMATION WITH ASSOCIATED TIN MINES OF
NIGERIA APPROVED

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Keffi Consolidated Tin Co., Ltd., was held March 12 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., to consider resolutions approving a scheme of amalgamation with the Associated Tin Mines of Nigeria, Ltd.

Mr. James Fairbairn, who presided, said that he had pleasure in presenting for the shareholders' consideration and approval the proposed amalgamation scheme between their company and the Associated Tin Mines of Nigeria, Ltd. Briefly summarised, shareholders in the Keffi Co. would receive three shares in the Associated Tin Mines of Nigeria, Ltd., for every 11 shares held in the Keffi Co. The shares proposed to be allotted to the Keffi Consolidated shareholders would rank *pari passu* with the existing shares of the Associated Co. Immediately on the passing of the necessary resolutions for amalgamation with the Associated Co. a dividend of 12½ per cent. would be paid to shareholders of the Keffi Co.

The aim of the amalgamation had been that neither company should have any advantage over the other, but rather that the companies coming into the amalgamation should do so on fair and equitable terms, having in view the whole circumstances of the case. An important point that had to be considered was the market price of the shares of the companies coming into the combine. It should be noted that the Associated Co. had paid a dividend for last year of 30 per cent. and an interim dividend on account of the current year of 20 per cent. It was impossible to give estimates of future profits, but he felt sure that the combined companies under one administration and control should show excellent results. It was estimated that when the combination was completed the issued capital of the Associated Co. would be about £800,000 and he understood that it was the intention of the Associated directors to make an offer of shares when the combination had been completed on favourable terms to the then existing shareholders.

EFFECTS OF AMALGAMATION

When the amalgamation was carried through, the combined output should be about 3,500 tons, rising in the near future to 4,000 tons per annum, making the Associated Co. the largest producer of tin concentrates in Nigeria. With a reasonable price for tin, the dividends on that output should be substantial. Further, with the large unprospected areas which the Associated Co. would possess, the present proved resources should be materially added to. Many circumstances had converged to decide them in proposing the amalgamation, one of which was the fact that the Nigerian Government were enforcing the labour obligations and practically all companies operating in Nigeria had properties in various parts, and the large expense thus entailed in carrying out obligations where properties were scattered was far too great an undertaking for any company other than a large combine. A combination such as was now proposed was in a position to control its labour, to group its properties and, on the most economic basis possible, prospect the ground under its control. He would not be surprised if in the very near future the output of this, the very greatest Nigerian combination, reached 5,000 tons per annum.

As regarded the advisability of amalgamation in the tin mining industry, there could be no question as to its advantages. Individual companies might have good and bad patches of ground, but a combination of companies which had developed ground and had an assured output could reduce operations in one quarter and increase them in another, thus obtaining the best results both in relation to development and production and so ensure dividends to shareholders in a way that the individual companies could not possibly hope to do. It followed that this combination would be able to work at lower costs and reduced overhead charges. It should also be noted that by the combination proposed 12 boards of directors were eliminated.

The necessity of combination was further emphasised when tin dropped below £240 a ton. At that point, as far as Nigeria was concerned, it was only such large combinations that could possibly hope to succeed and work on a commercial basis. He need not remind shareholders that when the last considerable fall in tin took place it became necessary for a great many of the companies operating in Nigeria to shut down, and several had to curtail operations.

After a lengthy discussion the necessary resolutions were put to the meeting and lost on a show of hands. The Chairman demanded a poll, the result of which was that they were carried by an overwhelming majority—the voting being 1,409,054 for the resolutions and 15,955 against, giving a majority in favour of the resolutions of 1,393,099.

At subsequent extraordinary general meetings of the holders of ordinary shares and preference shares of the Rayfield (Nigeria) Tin Fields, Ltd., the scheme was also approved. Preference shareholders will receive seven Associated for every six held and ordinary shareholders will receive one Associated for every three held.

THE LONDON AND THAMES HAVEN
OIL WHARVES, LTD.

Presiding at the THIRTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Ltd., on March 13, Lord Kilsant, G.C.M.G., the Chairman, said the accounts showed a satisfactory advance on former years, and indicated a sound financial position. The board recommended a final dividend of 5 per cent., and a bonus of 5 per cent., both free of income tax, making 15 per cent. for the year, leaving £94,600 to be carried forward. The reserve fund now stood at the same figure as the issued capital, viz., £745,000.

Their company did not deal in petroleum or in any of the products which it handled, they were public wharfingers, providing facilities for oil importing companies who had not storage accommodation of their own. The company owned over 1,500 acres of freehold land at Thames Haven, with no fewer than 7 jetties at which ocean-going vessels could discharge, and at five of them the largest tank steamers could berth at any state of the tide. There was ample room for further development. In the past year they had achieved a further record, products landed having exceeded a million and a half tons; and nearly half a million tons of crude oil were treated in their refinery plant. Their tankage at Thames Haven now exceeded 1,000,000 tons.

Apart from the gratifying increase in the company's normal business, the most noteworthy event of the year was the proposal that tankers carrying low test petroleum should be permitted to proceed 15 miles higher up the Thames than the existing limit, traversing the far more congested reaches as far as Crayfordness, involving additional risks to the safety of the Port and the City. This company contended that the low test petroleum trade of the Port had from its earliest beginnings been provided with every facility, and that the great installation already available was far ahead of that of any other port in the Kingdom; their company had been an important factor in the remarkable expansion of the petroleum business in Great Britain. Whatever might be the decision in the matter, he was confident that the company would continue so to serve the trade as to reflect credit upon itself and confer benefit upon its clients. They could reasonably look forward to further steady expansion of the trade of this country, in which this company might fairly expect to participate.

The oil storage business in France of the Compagnie Industrielle Maritime, with which they were closely associated, continued to develop satisfactorily.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

SPRINGS MINES, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the NINETEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, "Ammercusa House," Johannesburg, on FRIDAY, the 18th day of MAY, 1928, at 12 o'clock, for the following business:—

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1927.
2. To elect two Directors in place of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, M.L.A., and Mr. L. A. P. Pollak, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 16th April to the 20th April, 1928, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 9th May to the 18th May, 1928, all days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer desirous of attending in person or by proxy, or of voting at any General Meeting of the Company, shall produce their Share Warrants for verification, or may, at their option, deposit same as follows:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting; or
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 5 London Wall Buildings, E.C.2, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, Certificates, with Proxy Forms will be issued, under which such Share Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

By order,

For and on behalf of

ANGLO AMERICAN CORPORATION OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED,
London Secretaries
F. A. ROGERS

London Transfer Office:
5 London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2,
16th March, 1928

MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

THERE is an impression in the minds of some people that production in large quantities—"mass" production—is not conducive to the best results, and that the finished article is not turned out as well as it might be. There is a fear of vexatious breakdowns and running adjustments. There might have been some reason for this a few years ago, but British cars to-day are soundly built, and where production is on a large scale the greatest care is taken at every operation; nothing is allowed to pass short of the absolute standard. The large use made in all modern factories of automatics precludes the possibility of the slightest variation arising from the human factor.

* *

Last week I was shown over the large new Singer works at Smallheath, Birmingham, by the managing-director, Mr. W. E. Bullock. At this factory the Singer Senior and Junior models are made, and the output is expected shortly to reach 100 cars a day. The Singer Senior Saloon, though selling at an extremely modest price, is a full-sized, comfortable and roomy car. Procedure is on the "flow" system, so that no unnecessary handling or moving of material occurs, operation following operation in regular sequence. Work on the bodies and chassis is carried on *pari passu*, and, with the cellulose finish employed on the bodies and the modern rapid methods of drying, a continuous stream of finished cars daily leaves the premises. The buildings cover a large area, and running round them is a testing track of nearly three-quarters of a mile, with two gradients of one in four-five. No car leaves the works until it has gone through a rigid and searching test. I look forward to giving one of these popular models an extended trial shortly.

* *

The wheel base of the "Morris Six" has been increased to 9 ft. 6 ins., and the track is now 4 ft. 8 ins.—the full standard width. The chassis as a whole sits lower, and a larger and roomier five-seater Saloon body is standardized. The engine is rated at 17.7 h.p. Battery and coil ignition is now fitted.

* *

A recent communiqué from Paris, published in the Press, suggests that British motorists, under a new arrangement between the Touring Club de France and the Ministry of Finance, can henceforth enter France with their cars without depositing duty with the Customs or obtaining triptyques or other Customs papers from an approved club or association. The Automobile Association is now officially informed that the Touring Club de France knows nothing of any new arrangement with the French Customs. The well-known triptyque system, which has been in force for many years, remains unaltered.

* *

The Rover Company's trial with one of their 10-25 h.p. Saloon models, as to the distance which could be traversed on a £5 note, resulted in 2,149 miles being covered. The mileage would have been greater but for a sum of 14s. 3d., which had to be expended on a broken shock absorber bracket and a seat strap. In ordinary circumstances these two defects would have been made good under the guarantee. The conditions were that all running expenses were to be charged against the five pounds.

Company Meetings

WEST SPRINGS, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the ELEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, "Anmercosa House," Johannesburg, on FRIDAY, the 18th day of MAY, 1928, at 10.45 o'clock in the forenoon, for the following business:—

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1927.
2. To elect two Directors in the place of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, M.L.A., and Mr. F. R. Lynch, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To fix the remuneration for the past audit, and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an Ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 16th April to the 20th April, 1928, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 9th May to the 18th May, 1928, all days inclusive.

By order,

For and on behalf of

ANGLO AMERICAN CORPORATION OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED,
London Secretaries
F. A. ROGERS

London Transfer Office:

5 London Wall Buildings, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2,
16th March, 1928

BRAKPAN MINES, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa)

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the TWENTY-FIFTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS in the above Company will be held in the Board Room, "Anmercosa House," Johannesburg, on FRIDAY, the 18th day of MAY, 1928, at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, for the following business:—

1. To receive the Reports of the Directors and Auditors, and to consider the Balance Sheet and Revenue and Expenditure Account for the year ended the 31st December, 1927.
2. To elect two Directors in the place of Messrs. J. L. Jourdan and W. E. Hudson, who retire by rotation in terms of the Articles of Association, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
3. To fix the remuneration for the past audit and to appoint Auditors for the ensuing year.
4. To transact such other business as may be transacted at an ordinary General Meeting.

The London Transfer Registers of the Company will be closed from the 16th April to the 20th April, 1928, and the Head Office Transfer Registers from the 9th May to the 18th May, 1928, all days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer desirous of attending in person or by proxy, or of voting at any General Meeting of the Company, shall produce their Share Warrants for verification, or may, at their option, deposit same as follows:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 5 London Wall Buildings, E.C.2, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Office of the Credit Mobilier Français, 30 and 32 Rue Taitbout, Paris, at least thirty days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Upon such production or deposit, Certificates, with Proxy Forms, will be issued, under which such Share Warrant Holders may attend the Meeting either in person or by proxy.

By order,

For and on behalf of

ANGLO AMERICAN CORPORATION OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED,
London Secretaries
F. A. ROGERS

London Transfer Office:

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16th March, 1928

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